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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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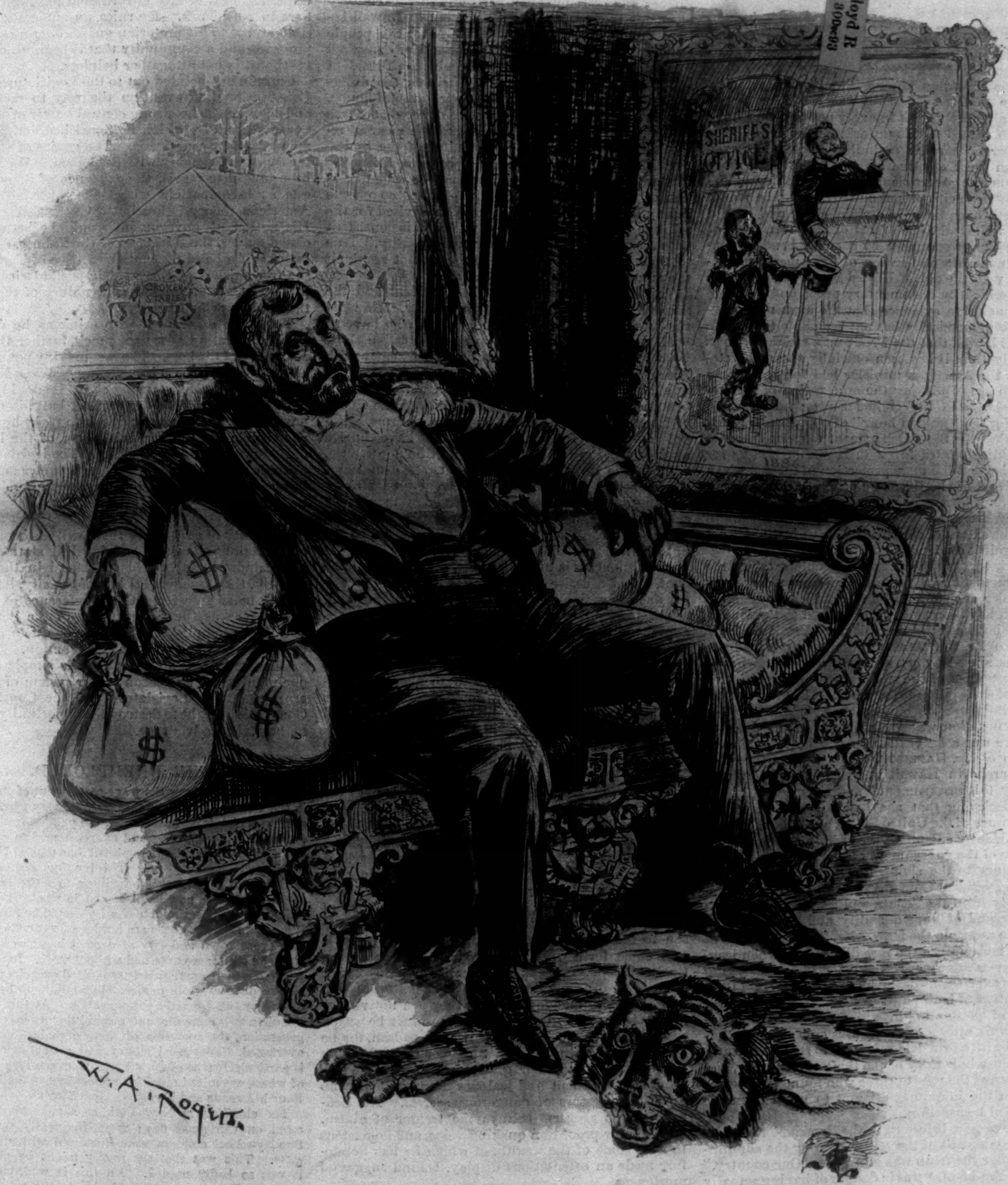
CROKER STABLES
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
W. A. Rogers.

"WHY IS CROKER RICH?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
(Twenty-four Pages.)
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A new serial story by Mary E. Wilkins, *entitled* "PEMBROKE," *illustrated by* Clifford Carleton, *will begin in the next number of* Harper's Weekly.

A new volume of Harper's Bazar *will begin with the number issued on January 6, 1894. One of the striking features announced is a new novel by the favorite author* William Black, *superbly illustrated. Its title is* "HIGHLAND COUSINS."

THE PRESIDENT'S HAWAII MESSAGE.

We risk nothing in saying that no fair-minded person can read President **Cleveland**'s message on the Hawaiian affair without coming to the conclusion that the President and the Secretary of State are absolutely right in every position they have taken with regard to this unfortunate business. No state paper concerning a similar subject has ever come from the Executive office that reflected more honor upon our government, and of which every patriotic American citizen had more reason to be proud. It sets forth once more in a plain, clear, and candid way the well-established facts of the overthrow of the Hawaiian government by a small band of conspirators under the instigation of the American minister and with the aid of United States troops—facts so well verified by documentary proof and all manner of conclusive evidence that the most unscrupulous partisan mendacity has not been able to obscure them. It is well that the President's message shows more fully than it has been officially shown heretofore how the American minister had for years been bent upon accomplishing the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States; how he had yearned for the "golden hour" of opportunity; how he had asked the State Department to permit him to use the United States forces in Hawaiian waters for purposes beyond the mere protection of the American Legation and of the lives and property of American citizens; and how, when he thought the "golden hour" had arrived, he used the United States forces even to the extent of committing an unjustifiable act of war against a friendly government.

What interests the American people most at the present moment is the conduct of our own government under such circumstances. The government of Hawaii had been stolen, and offered to the United States in hot haste by the thieves. President **Harrison**—so Mr. **Cleveland** generously presents the case—was misled by artful misrepresentation into a hasty acceptance of the stolen goods, and submitted a treaty of annexation to the Senate. But Mr. **Cleveland**'s administration, having taken office fortunately before annexation was consummated, easily detected that there was a grave discrepancy between the assumption of Mr. **Harrison**, that "the overthrow of the monarchy in Hawaii was not in any way promoted by this government," and the protest of the Queen, declaring that she had surrendered to the superior force of the United States, and that she therefore confidently submitted the case to the enlightened justice of the government of this republic. It was in obedience to the simple dictate of common honesty that President **Cleveland** withdrew the annexation treaty from the Senate, and sent a man of high character and of known ability and experience to Hawaii to ascertain the facts. Mr. **Blount**, the agent selected, had enjoyed the rare distinction, when leaving Congress after many years of service, of carrying with him expressions of the highest regard from leading members of both political parties. No man ever thought of questioning his universally recognized integrity until, after a conscientious endeavor to ascertain, and with a firm determination to speak the truth, he told the whole story of the theft of a country, and thus incurred the rage of those who found themselves balked in the iniquitous attempt to profit from the disgraceful transaction.

We have now before us in the President's message a frank statement of the steps taken by the administration after the truth was known. "Our country," says the President, "was in danger of having actually set up a temporary government on foreign soil for the purpose of acquiring through that agency territory which we had wrongfully put in its possession. The control of both sides of a bargain acquired in such a manner is called by a familiar and unpleasant name when found in private transactions." In other words, our agents had taken the first steps to put upon the country the guilt and ignominy of an unmitigated act of fraud and robbery. It was the duty of an honest government to do all in its power to retrace those steps, and thus to clear the name of the country of the foul spot. So far as the President, within the constitutional limitations of his power, could redress the wrong that had been done by the agents of the government, it was his plain duty to do so. He honestly tried to perform that duty, and in making the attempt he did not forget the consideration due to the circumstance that those who had taken an active part in the overthrow of the Queen's authority had been encouraged by the American minister, without whose aid they would not have undertaken the venture. The President, therefore, while offering his good offices to the Queen as a mediator between herself and the provisional government, insisted that if returned to power she should grant a general amnesty to those concerned in the setting up of the provisional government, and a recognition of all its *bona fide* acts and obligations. This was eminently humane and proper in every sense.

The Queen has not seen fit to accede to this condition. On the other hand, the wild shouting of the jingoes and of Republican partisans in this country has made the provisional government in Hawaii believe that it has a majority of the American people at its back. These two circumstances have conspired so far to frustrate the efforts made by the President and the Secretary of State to conciliate the differences in Hawaii and to vindicate our national honor. This is not their fault. They have done what it was in their power to do, and are henceforth clear of responsibility. The President, mindful of the limitations the Constitution imposes upon him, refers the matter "to the extended powers and the wide discretion of the Congress." He will gladly "co-operate in any legislative plan which may be devised for the solution of the problem before us which is consistent with American honor, integrity, and morality." True to these principles, he will, of course, not resubmit the annexation treaty to the Senate.

This is as it should be. The President and the Secretary of State have done their duty. Now let the unscrupulous ranters in Congress who have so wildly vociferated against the administration show what remedy *they* have to propose, consistently with American honor, integrity, and morality. Mere denunciation will no longer serve. On the bare assumption that the President had ordered the Queen of Hawaii to be reinstated by force of arms, without authority from Congress, they have hurled against the President vilification without measure, even to the threat of impeachment. The message, showing that the President has remained strictly within his constitutional limits, covers them with confusion and shame. They are exposed as wanton calumniators. Their rage may grow more desperate, but it will also become more harmless every day. "If national honesty is to be disregarded," says the President, "and a desire for territorial extension, or dissatisfaction with a form of government not our own, ought to regulate our conduct, I have entirely misapprehended the mission and character of our government, and the behavior which the confidence of our people demands of their public servants." Let the President rest assured that, the demagogues notwithstanding, the American people are neither fools nor knaves. Their conception of the mission and character of our government corresponds with his own. Their sense of justice will stand by him, and turn his severest trial into his most signal triumph.

CROKER'S CONFESSION.

Croker has taken the public into his confidence. He asks his assailants to prove that the charges against him are true, hoping that the evidence, whose existence no one knows better than he, will not be forth-coming. It is evident, however, that he is uncertain and disturbed; that the hope is not born of confidence. He is badly frightened, and he has reason to be. The evidence against him and his pals will come forth when it is properly and authoritatively bidden. **Croker** must realize that his power is ready to disintegrate, and that the pretorians are murmuring to one another that they are not receiving their share of the plunder. He must be suspicious of some who have been nearest to him, for he knows that he has forfeited whatever claim he may once have had to their gratitude, and that he has aroused resentment and jealousy among those who are the possessors of dangerous secrets. His defiance of his accusers betrays the tremor of alarm. He calls for proof in a quaking voice, and he hastens to hide some of the wealth, of which he has heretofore made an ostentatious display, behind suggested mortgages.

Throughout the interview **Croker** does not forget that he is the power that rules the city. It is "I" who feels whatever responsibility for any wrong is involved in granting to the Broadway railroad the right to change its motive power. It is "I" who is interested in giving the city better transit methods. It is "I" who supported the great Huckleberry grab in the annexed district. It is "I" who has not yet determined whether or not to permit the annexation of New York and Brooklyn and the adjoining territory for the making of a greater New York. It is "I" who defies his enemies to prove that his Police Department blackmails vice. It is "I" who should be turned out of place if the city government of New York is corrupt. Finally, it is "I" who courts investigation such as the **Fassett** committee indulged in, and which tended to more securely fasten the grasp of public criminals upon the victimized metropolis.

Croker believes in centralization. He holds that the interests of this city are too diverse to permit the people to rule themselves. He thinks that a municipal czar is essential to good government, and, apparently, that the czar should neither be born to the purple nor be invested with it by any power outside of himself; that the city's best interests demand that it should be governed by a conqueror—a freebooting conqueror who wins his triumphs by the force of fraud and cunning, in battles in which no one is shot except by way of assassination, in wars whose fields of conflict are the gutters of the slums. **Croker**'s ideal of city government has been realized here in New York. He rules, an autocrat, irresponsible except to his pretorian guard, over a conquered province, and a community that is beginning to realize that it is not altogether helpless.

Croker has pointed out to the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention the way to escape him and his like. The strong central power of which he approves, and by which he flourishes, does not commend itself to Americans. The genius of this country is not in harmony with despotism. We have not been taught to regard the existence of diverse interests as incompatible with self-government. The American theory is hostile to **Croker**'s conception. His notion of government would be better appreciated among the Matabeles or the Yahoos. It would better suit a band of Arabs or a tribe of Tartars than the free citizens of the most important city of a republic. **Croker** mistakes the nature of the institutions under which he lives.

There are other men who think as he does, and until civilization advances much further there will be danger of the boss. The law-making power should see to it that the boss is made impossible. New York ought to be a self-governing city. It should not only choose its own chief executive, but his executive powers should be so exclusive as to make him wholly responsible for the administration of the laws and ordinances relating to the city. The legislative body of the city should be of such a character and elected in such a manner that its corruption would be practically impossible. The primary elections should be so controlled that the people could at least enjoy the opportunity of expressing their will at them. Party organizations should be regulated by statute, so that clubs and "halls" could not stand in their stead. Finally, the fundamental law of the city, its charter, should be as free from the interference of the State Legislature as the Constitution of the State itself, and the accomplishment of this ought to be undertaken by the Constitutional Convention.

Croker is able to carry out his simple theory of one-man power by reason of our system of city government. The Legislature and the Constitutional Convention ought to destroy the opportunity of which he has taken advantage.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The distress among the wage-earners out of employment in the United States is at this moment very general. That distress which is concealed from the public because the sufferers are self-respecting and unaccustomed to such a helpless condition is really more pitiful than that which obtrudes itself upon the public gaze. This is a time when every man, woman, and child should be willing to make sacrifices for the sake of those now helpless and in want. But it is also a time when indiscriminate charity should be restrained, for it is a sad fact that there are hordes of vagrants that crowd into every town and city at once it becomes known that food and shelter are to be had without work. In most American cities there are regularly organized agencies prepared to relieve distress while reducing to a minimum the tendency of such relief towards pauperization. At this time, when the distress is more dire and general than ever before in this generation, the resources of these organizations are sadly overtaxed. They need money, and need it at once. This is particularly true of New York, the executive departments of whose organized charities are centred in the building in Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

The churches in New York, as a rule, were not decorated on Christmas day; more frequently than not the Sunday-school children were dismissed without the usual gifts. This was that the money might be given where it was so badly needed. All this is well, but it is not enough. Each person should give to the full measure of his ability. The condition of one trade will give some idea of the distress in New York city. The men, women, and children engaged in making clothing under the sweating system number about thirty thousand. Twenty thousand of these are unemployed, and on an average at least one other person is dependent on each of such wage-earners

That means that in this one trade forty thousand persons are without the means of subsistence. When these wretched people were as busy as they could be we pitied them because of the starvation rates of compensation. Now they are entirely without means. Wherever work of laborers is going on there are three or four men to each one at work, looking on and waiting to take the next vacancy. The condition is pitiful beyond expression.

Some charitable gentlemen have arranged, under the management of the Industrial Christian Alliance, to open in Bleecker Street a People's Restaurant and Lodging-house, where a meal will be sold for five cents, or given to any person holding a ticket from a subscriber. These tickets may be bought at five dollars a hundred, and the possession of them will relieve gentlemen and ladies of the embarrassment they feel in dismissing street beggars empty-handed. But the street beggars are not the worst sufferers. Those to whom these hard times are most trying are the respectable poor, who would rather die than beg alms. They must be sought out with tact and delicacy, and be given the help that is temporarily needed, so that self-respect may not be wounded by the suggestion that the recipients are paupers. The regular agencies, such as the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, will be prepared to do this work when the benevolent furnish the funds, which at this moment, on account of the unusual drafts, are sadly lacking.

But however much may be done, there will still be more suffering in New York and the other great American cities this winter than before for very many years. That any human being should starve in America in this year of our Lord seems almost incredible. But there are thousands within fifteen minutes' walk of homes of opulence looking starvation straight in the face. Knowing this, good men and good women will surely not neglect this appeal to their benevolence. We therefore speak of this matter in entire confidence that the hands of those engaged in the work of relief will be strengthened and upheld.

MUSIC AS A SOCIAL ELEVATOR.

"Music hath charms," etc. In conversation the other day at a gathering of musicians there came up the topic of the effect of harmony upon the "savage breast." It was stoutly held that "music's softening sway" could change men's natures, appeal to their best instincts, touch their hearts, and hold them to high standards of thought and action. That this is true (while the music lasts) is beyond all questioning. But whether the effect may be made at all permanent or lasting is a subject for some doubt.

A sad love parting or a harrowing death-bed scene in the course of a Bowery melodrama would be null and void unless accompanied by slow music. Without the shivering of a few violins and a drone from the responsive bass-viol the lament of the misguided heroine over her lost home and the loved ones in the church-yard sod would fail to draw a single tear. But turn on the music and observe. The most hardened criminal in the gallery longs to do something for that poor girl, hates the villain and his congenial vices, and probably sniffles. So far so good. It is safe to say that no jury in the world—no ordinary jury—could withstand the piteous appeal of the lawyer when he mentions the prisoner's aged mother if the lawyer accompanied this same appeal with weeping vibrations of well-tuned catgut. Imagine the scene! Judge in tears; the sobbing of the jury plainly audible; the pity of the prisoner for his own poor oppressed self; his resolves for a better life; the visible agitation of the turnkeys; and a unanimous verdict in favor of defendant! He might walk out of the court-room a free man, firm in his determination not to kill another wife, no matter the provocation. All this, of course, if the prosecution had not engaged a rival orchestra. Perhaps the effect of the music might tend to curb his passions for the rest of his natural life, in either case.

But to the point. In the talk of the gathered musicians it was suggested that a compulsory course of classic and high-grade music in our penal institutions might prove a means of ultimate reformation and refinement of the baser human tendencies. Why not? What argument can be used against it? None. It would be like the treatment of advertising doctors—"guaranteed harmless," or at least to have no ill effect. And imagine the increase in the horror of confinement that this musical cure would instil in the breasts of those to whom dulcet sounds are a torture! They would view the interior of a penitentiary with an added aversion. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Here is the chance for a bill and an experiment.

THE MERCENARY MICROBE.

This is the age of the microbe. In saying this we do not overlook the claims to recognition of electricity, of the pictorial press, or strong-minded women, or political bossism. All these are prominent in their several more or less excellent ways; but in respect of all-around importance, the microbe excels even such competitors. All the others have limitations—though prior to the recent election we would not have had the assurance to say this of the last-named—but the sphere of the microbe is wellnigh boundless. He disports himself with equal satisfaction in the air, the earth, and the waters. He invades our beverages and our foods. He finds our mouths desirable lurking-places, our hair and finger nails habitual outposts; on occasion he swims in our blood. Everywhere he is seeking his own selfish ends. He is the agent of decay and the messenger of disease. Lacking an offensive hand, his entire body is against the life of every other animate thing. The whole world, though it long denied him recognition, now bows to him as the mightiest of conquerors. He has killed millions of the human race where other conquerors have killed thousands. Some of his tribe are more dreaded than the best-disciplined army or the strongest fleet of war-ships.

And yet this formidable creature, when considered as an individual, is one of the most insignificant beings in the world. All his triumphs are the result of concerted effort. A single microbe, however maliciously inclined, would be utterly impotent to produce any appreciable effect whatever so long as he remained single. But this is precisely the thing that the microbe will not do. He has the most facile way, whenever food is supplied him, of splitting himself in two. And what is most surprising, each one of the sections, instead of being only half a microbe, as might be expected, is really, after a very brief period, quite as robust and able-bodied a microbe as the original one, and ready in turn to bisect himself on the slightest provocation.

The manifest result of this astonishing kind of fecundity is an increase of population at a geometrical ratio. Now few things in this world are more astonishing than a geometrical ratio. It is one of those things to which every discreet man gives a very wide berth after his eyes have once been opened to its insidiousness by the classical story of the blacksmith who shod the horse at the rate of one penny for the first nail, two for the second, and so on. But to the microbe the geometrical ratio is stock in trade. It is the one thing that rescues him from unending obscurity. By its aid one insignificant microbe, granted elbow-room and plenty of food, is believed to be able to transform himself, through a series of bisections, into about 281 billions of descendants in two days. He has to work nights to accomplish this, but he seems quite willing to do so. We are told that did not certain dietary considerations check his geometrical proclivities, he would presently be the sole living inhabitant of the globe, crowding every other creature out of existence. Even as it is he invades a great many territories where he does not properly belong.

The latest of these invasions is peculiarly noteworthy as showing the influence of the times. It appears that the microbe is developing what in man would be called an itching palm. A German scientist on subjecting some bank-bills to examination recently found each one of them colonized on an average by about twenty thousand microbes, including such dangerous forms as the "streptococcus of erysipelas and the bacilli of tuberculosis and diphtheria." The dangers to mankind of possessing the root of all evil have long been recognized, but evidently a new danger now threatens from such joint ownership as this. It remains for the scientists to tell us whether it will be better for us to acknowledge the authority of numbers as manifested by the microbe, and abandon our right in the money altogether to the multitudinous squatter claimants, or whether, on the other hand, a judicious use of germicides may serve as an ejection warrant upon the whole tribe of microbes, and leave us in undisputed possession of the coveted paper. Another interesting point for investigation relates to the bearings of the case from the stand-point of the microbe himself. At least one question in this line is not very intricate. It could be determined whether the microbes show a predilection for bills of large denomination as against smaller ones. If the microbe is properly alive to the full bearings of the case, there should be, plainly, five times as many colonists of his tribe on a five-dollar bill as on a one-dollar bill. Determination of this point would furnish material for a valuable appendix to the work on the psychic life of micro-organisms which a learned French psychologist has recently published.

MR. CURTIS'S ORATIONS.

The first volume of the orations of Mr. George William Curtis is just issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. They are edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, whose close friendship and intimate sympathy with Mr. Curtis in all his essential aims peculiarly fit him for the task. Sixteen months have now passed since the death of Mr. Curtis, and though to those who had the privilege of knowing the tones of that marvellous voice its charm must always linger in the printed record of his speech, and though the spell his personality laid upon his friends can never be wholly dissipated, yet it is possible now to gain some reasonable impression of what these orations are to be in the surviving literature of the time. We are confident that their place will be an honorable one and secure. In their present form they show even more than when they were delivered how much substance there is in them, how much care and study and thought was given to each, how clear and how high was the ideal of the speaker, and how impossible it was for him to forget it, or abandon it, or lower it.

Unquestionably Mr. Curtis was a most delightful speaker. It was impossible that his manly beauty and his flexible and expressive voice should not add to the emotion of the moment; and this was equally true of the most varying occasions. But this publication shows to those who might not fully have realized it how independent of the manner was the matter of his discourse. The orations in this first volume cover a period of thirty-five years. They open with the memorable address at Middletown, Connecticut, when he brought to the young men of his time the summons to "our Thermopylæ, which is Kansas," and began that splendid campaign against slavery which closed at the polls in 1860, only to be renewed on the battle-field. The orations embrace not only the questions of the restriction of slavery, of the war, of reconstruction, but questions of education, of the influence of the New England character and idea, and the question of the suffrage for women. All are treated with that luminous reasonableness which was the most remarkable and persistent trait of Mr. Curtis's mind, and all the more so because of the fervor and eloquence with which he was inspired by a sense of conviction. One thing is also to be noted, the singular modesty, the absence of personal allusion, or of any personal feeling, in these addresses. It is not to be denied that the career of the orator is beset with pitfalls. The first condition of success for him is to be listened to with interest, and then with sympathy. If he cannot win his hearers wholly to himself, the temptation is great to meet them half-way, though he must stoop to do it, and to seek applause if he cannot carry conviction. And the applause of an assemblage of men is very alluring. It is only the orator of the highest rank who is independent of it, who guides his course equally remote from vanity and servility. This Mr. Curtis unfailingly did, because he was of the highest rank, not as an orator only, but as a man.

FOR AN IMPROVED SANTA CLAUS.

We know of no contemporary personage who is suffering more from allowing himself to drop behind the times than our friend Santa Claus. Time was when Santa Claus was more real than the President; now it has come to such a pass that the dictionary, after defining him—in the body of the work instead of in the biographical department—goes on and makes some learned observation about "this myth." If things go on thus a few years longer, Santa Claus will have about as much real vitality as the Salem witches. Now, there is no inherent reason for this decadence of the good saint. There is just as much demand for Santa Claus as there ever was. The simple fact is that he has not been rightly managed. Santa Claus needs a live press agent.

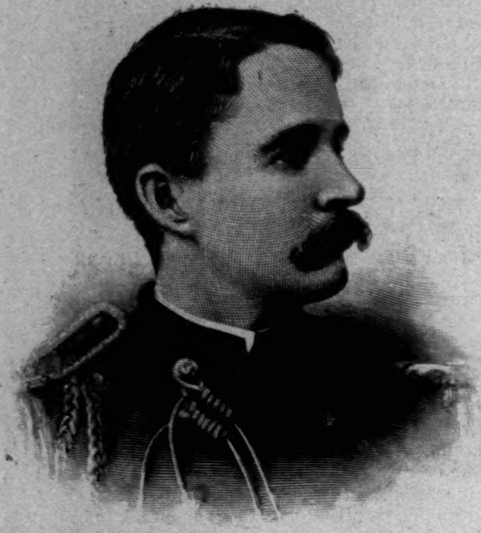
But we presume that Santa Claus ought not to be blamed for the present deplorable state in which we find him. Doubtless it would not be dignified for him to boom himself. Professional ethics may not allow him to employ a press agent, however much he may realize the need of one. For aught we know, Santa Claus may be doing his best to keep himself up to date. But though Santa Claus may have done for himself all that he could, as much cannot be said for his friends—we do not mean his child friends, but his "grown-up" friends; the child's knowledge of Santa Claus must necessarily rest on what his elders tell him, so they must be held responsible for the present fallen estate of the saint. The latter-day Santa Claus should stand as an awful warning for politicians and others on the danger of remaining too long in the hands of one's friends.

The downward course of Santa Claus began with the introduction of the cast-iron stove. As long as the old-fashioned fireplace lasted he was secure. As the children gathered around this romantic old fraud, toasting their toes while their backs gradually but surely congealed, the story of Santa Claus and his chimney-descending habits seemed entirely probable. The whole thing bore the impress of truth; it stood to reason. There was scarcely a single stumbling-block for faith. The dictionary of the day did not croak of myths when it spoke of Santa Claus. Occasionally an original child might question how the jolly old benefactor could get all over the world in one night; but this seldom happened, as the pre-stove child did not read the morning papers, and his world was bounded by his neighborhood. Besides, he knew nothing of the time it was possible for reindeer to make when properly driven with a light sleigh and good roads.

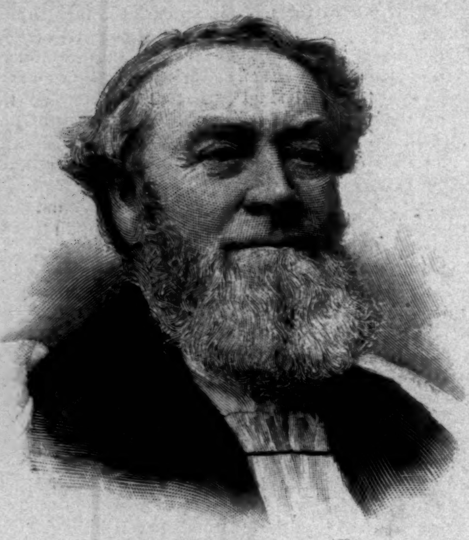
But after the arrival of the comfortable albeit unromantic stove, when the child was told of Santa Claus, he simply looked at the pipe and put his tongue in his cheek. Still, he tried to believe in him, and succeeded after a fashion. Then even the stove disappeared in many households, to be succeeded by the steam-radiator or a hot-air hole in the floor. The notion of Santa Claus coming down a steam-pipe or up through a register was even more absurd than the idea of his braving the dimensions of the stove-pipe. Then came the deluge. The daily paper revealed to the child the size of the world. He went to the Park or the travelling circus, and could discover no points of speed about the reindeer. Then he consulted the big dictionary, and poor Santa Claus went by the board completely. The child still hangs up his stocking, but he has some decidedly practical views about who does the rest.

Now it occurs to us that all this might have been avoided if people had had the wisdom to keep Santa Claus up with the times. The danger of anything or anybody lagging behind the times is too patent for us to dwell upon here. The absurdity of attempting to lumber along with a mediæval Santa Claus in these days of locomotives and telegraphs and electric lights should have been clear to any one. Santa Claus ought to have been improved gradually, and kept abreast of, let us say, the steam-engine; every advance in the steam-engine should have been met by an improvement in Santa Claus. But such has not been the case, and the natural result has followed, as we have shown. When the air-tight stove was introduced, a mode of ingress other than the chimney should have been provided. As the child began to grasp the fact that this is a sizable world, Santa Claus should have been provided with some means of getting about it better than reindeer of an obsolete pattern; or, at the very least, pneumatic runners should have been put on his sleigh. And when everything else began to go by electricity, it seems as if this convenient fluid might have been pressed into the service of Santa Claus in some way. We do not believe that the imagination of childhood would have revolted at the idea of Santa Claus coming by telegraph. The child stood ready to accept a modern and scientific Santa Claus, but parents did not rise to the occasion.

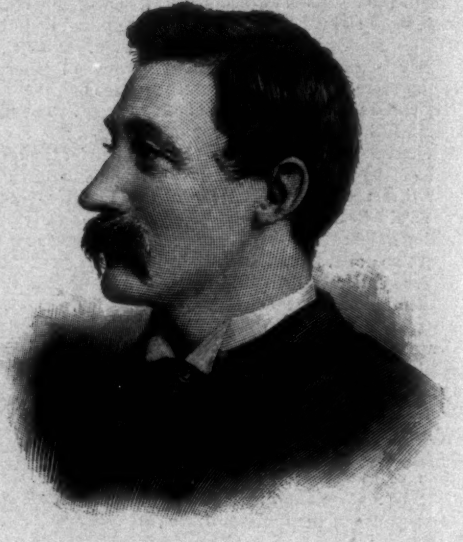
As to whether or not it is too late to bring forward a Santa Claus which will meet the requirements of the age, we hesitate to express an opinion. Certainly, something ought to be done if it is possible. It seems as if affairs had reached a stage where a committee ought to be appointed. Great virtue in your committee. But we scarcely know how this committee should be selected. Perhaps Congress might do something, or possibly the President, as the father of two Santa-Claus-hungry children, the elder of whom at least must long ago have detected the absurdities of the old-fashioned saint, might feel like moving in the matter if his attention were called to it. Anyhow, there must be a Santa Claus committee.



JOSEPH BODWELL DOE,
ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 1255.]



THE RIGHT REV. THEODORE B. LYMAN, D.D.,
LATE BISHOP OF NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 1255.]



JAMES R. SOVEREIGN,
TERENCE V. POWDERLY'S SUCCESSOR.—[SEE PAGE 1255.]

JOHN CESSNA, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AN active public life of nearly fifty years' continuous duration ended on the 13th inst., when John Cessna died in his lifetime home at Bedford, Pennsylvania.

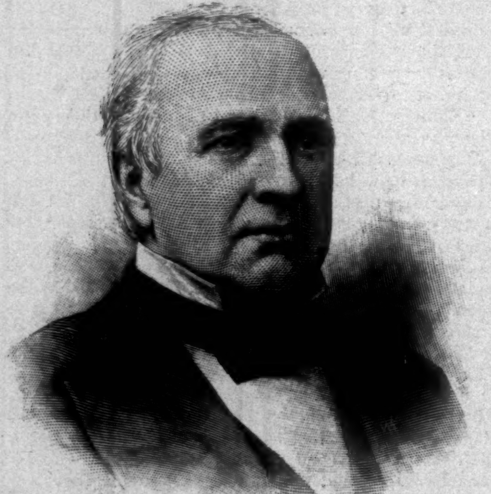
When "Uncle John," as politicians and newspaper men liked to call him, first held office—a commissionership of revenue—people were still "staging it" across his native State of Pennsylvania; and Dickens's *Notes*, in which he described his drive across the old "camel-back" bridge at Harrisburg, was a late addition to many Pennsylvania libraries, in which that particular passage was marked. And only last spring, on the last night of the Legislature's session, the member from Bedford was vigorously and successfully fighting the efforts of the trolley companies of Philadelphia and Pittsburg to plant their squeaky standards in every highway in the State.

A long and useful life lay between. Mr. Cessna was a thorough-going politician of the old swallow-tailed Buchanan school, which viewed with something of wonder, not to say contempt, a man who saw a field of political activity outside of the ranks of the two great parties. But he had a high personal standard, which he stuck to and held up, and so passed spotless through an era of politics in which the Pennsylvania public man who remained uncorrupt did so through inherent integrity of character.

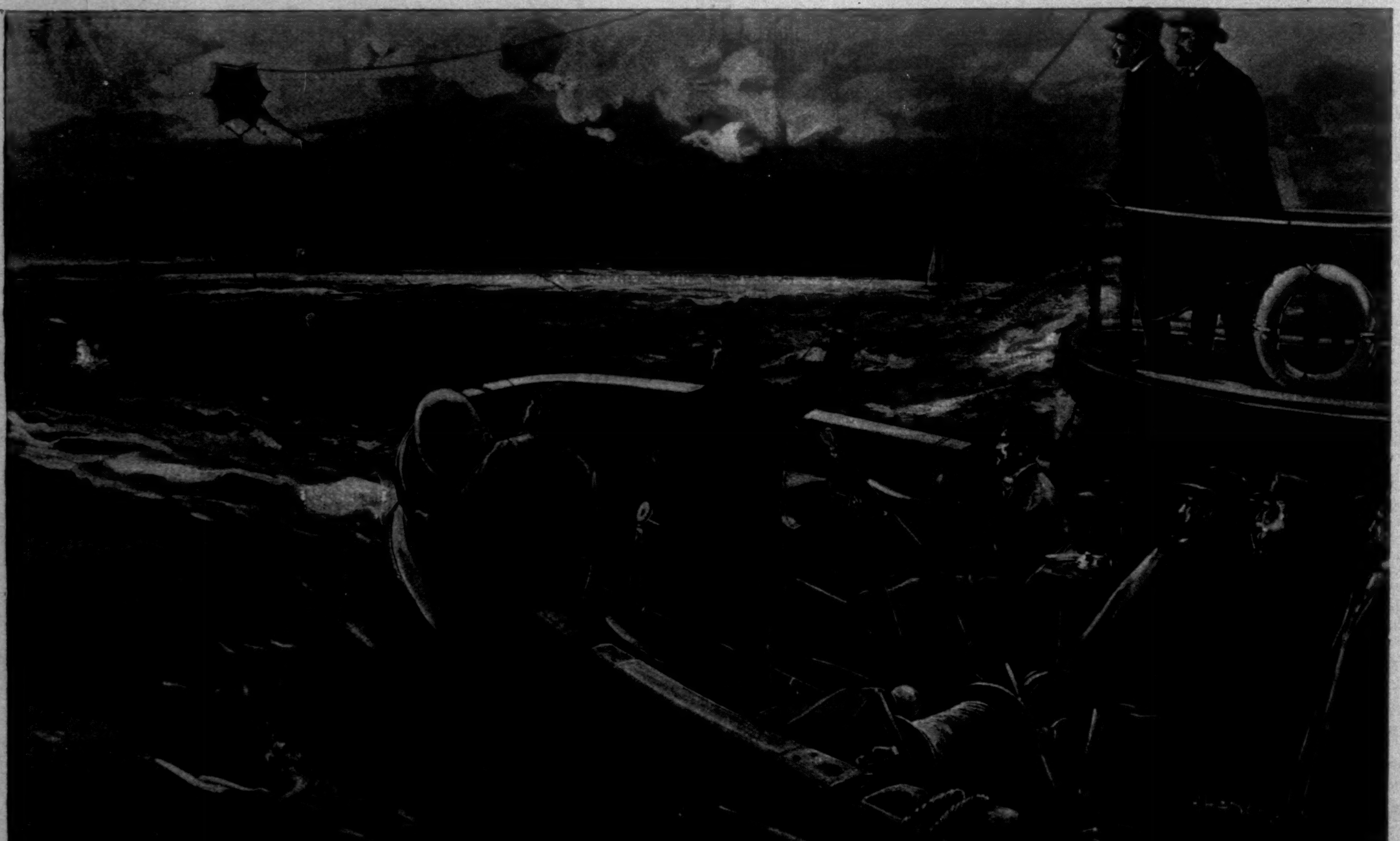
He was the son of a Bedford County farmer, and was graduated from Marshall College, Mercersburg, in 1842. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, and immediately became active on the Democratic side of politics, with such energy and ability that the year 1850 saw him, in his thirtieth year, Speaker of the Pennsylvania House. As a delegate to the National Convention in 1856, he aided in the nomination of James Buchanan, and continued to act with the dominant faction in the Democratic party until 1861, when he was elected to the House as a Union Democrat. He remained in the old faith till 1863, when his high character and unimpeachable patriotism made him, as Speaker once more of the House, an invaluable supporter of Governor Curtin in his historic efforts to put forth the whole resources of the greatest of the border States for the suppression of the rebellion. In the same year his Union and antislavery sentiments led him at last into active membership of the Republican party, which always thereafter delighted to honor him. He was chairman of the State Committee in 1865, a post in which he had been immediately preceded by A. K. McClure and Wayne MacVeagh. He was, in 1868, a delegate to the convention which nominated Grant. In that year, and again in 1872, he was elected to Congress, and in 1876 helped to nominate General Hayes. In 1880 he was one of the famous "306" who voted continuously for Grant, but, like a loyal partisan, he went home and, as chairman of the State Committee, set about the successful creation of the regular majority for his leader's successful opponent.

His return to the Legislature last winter was after an absence of many years. He was seventy-two years old, and died of diabetes. He was a kindly man whom every one knew and liked, and there is no hamlet in the great State he served so long where there will not be some one who feels a personal bereavement in the death of "Uncle John."

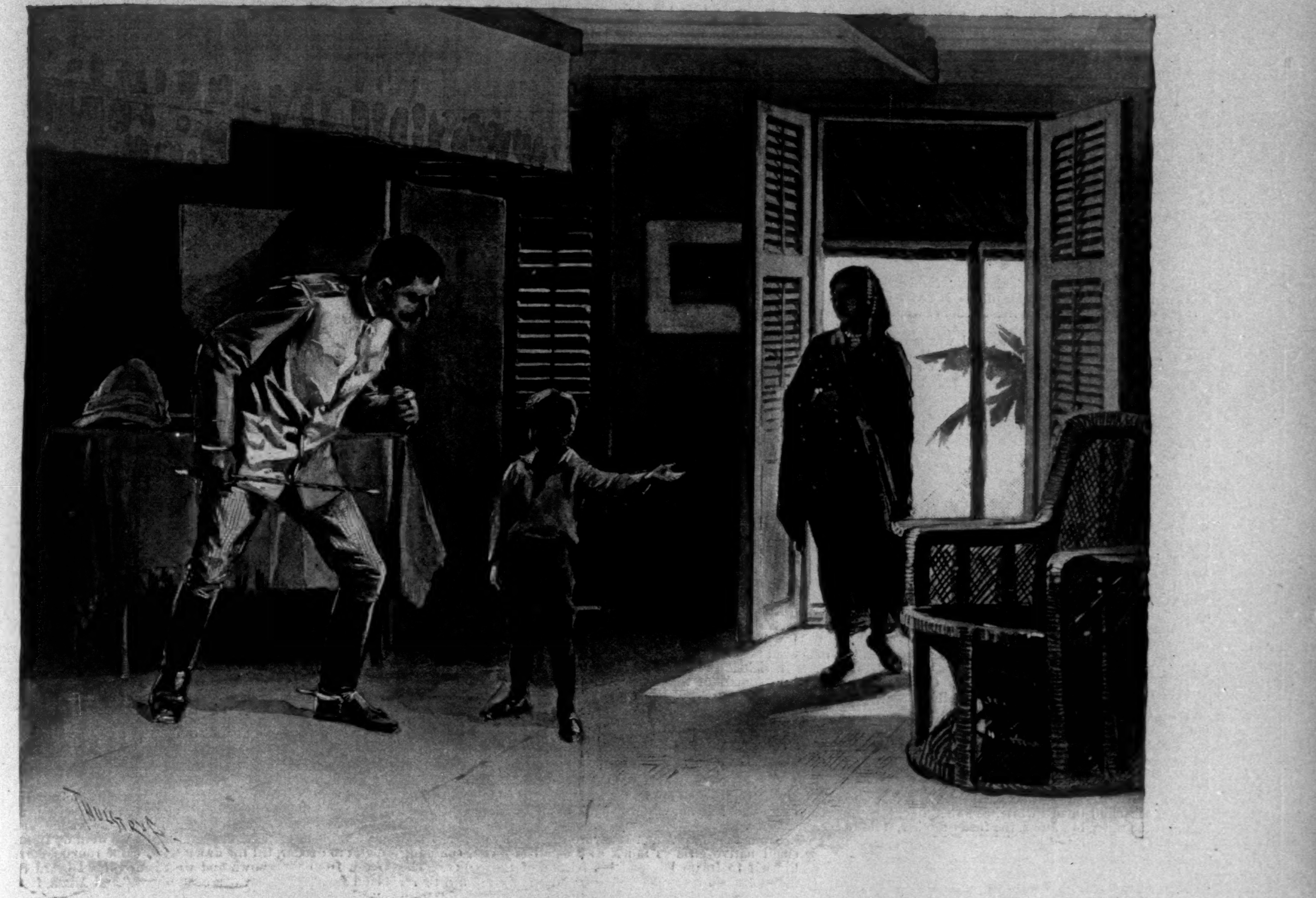
A. E. WATROUS.



JOHN CESSNA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE GUTEKUNST COMPANY.



EXPERIMENTAL TEST OF THE LIFE-SAVING KITE.—DRAWN BY AL HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 1260.]



"Father, I am a man."

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"IT is a queer name," Mrs. Strickland admitted; "and none of our family have ever borne it; but, you see, he *is* the first man to us."

So he was called Adam, and to that world about him he was the first of men—a man-child alone. Heaven sent him no Eve for a companion, but all earth, horse and foot, was at his feet. As soon as he was old enough to appear in public he held a levee, and Strickland's sixty policemen, with their sixty clanking sabres, bowed to the dust before him. When his fingers closed a little on Imam Din's sword-hilt they rose and roared till Adam roared too, and was withdrawn.

"Now that was no cry of fear," said Imam Din, afterwards, speaking to his companions in the Police Lines. "He was angry—and so young! Brothers, he will make a very strong Police officer."

"Does the Memsahib give him the breast?" said a new Phillour recruit, the dye smell not yet out of his yellow cotton uniform.

"Ho!" said an up-country Naik, scornfully. "It has not been known for *more* than ten days that my woman suckles him." He curled his mustaches as lordly as ever an Inspector could afford to do, for he knew that the husband of the foster-mother of the son of the District Superintendent of Police was a man sure of consideration.

"I am glad," said Imam Din, loosening his belt. "Those who drink our blood become of our own blood, and I have seen, in these thirty years, that the sons of the Sahibs once being born here return when they are men. Yes, they return after they have been to Belait" (Europe).

"And what do they in Belait?" asked the recruit, respectfully.

"Get instruction—which thou hast not," returned the Naik. "Also they drink of *belaitee-panee* [soda-water] enough to give them that devil's restlessness which endures for all their lives. Whence we of Hind have trouble."

"My father's uncle," said Imam Din, slowly, with importance, "was Ressaldar of the Longcoat Horse; and the Empress called him to Belait in the year that she had accomplished fifty years of rule. *He* said (and there were also other witnesses) that the Sahibs there drink only common water, even as do we; and that the *belaitee-panee* does *not* run in all the rivers."

"He said also that there was a Shish Mahal—a glass palace—half a *koss* in length, and that the rail-*gharri* ran under the roads, and that there are boats bigger than a village. He is a great talker." The Naik spoke scornfully. He had no well-born uncles.

"He is a man of good birth," said Imam Din, with the least possible emphasis on the first word, and the Naik was silent.

"Ho! Ho!" Imam Din reached out to his pipe, chuckling till his fat sides shook again. "Strickland Sahib's foster-mother was the wife of an *lerain* in the Ferozepur district. I was a young man then, ploughing while the English fought. This child will also be suckled here, and he will have double wisdom, and when he is a Police officer, it will be very bad for the thieves in this *illakha*. Ho! Ho!"

"There will be no English in the land then. They are asking permission of clerks and low-caste men to continue their *Raj* even now," said the Naik.

"All but foolish men—such as those clerks are—would know that this asking is but an excuse for making trouble, and thus holding the country more strictly. Now, in an investigation, is it not our custom to permit the villagers to talk loosely and give us abuse for a little time? *Then* do we not grow hot, and walk them to the *thana* two by two—as these clerks will be walked? Thus do I read the new talk."

"So do not I," said the Naik, who borrowed the native newspapers.

"Because thou art young, and wast born in time of peace. *I* saw the year that was to end the English Rule. Men said it was ended, indeed, and that all could now take their neighbor's cattle. This I saw ploughing, and I was minded to fight too, being a young man. My father sent me to Gurgaon to buy cattle, and I saw the tents of Van Corlin Sahib in the wheat, and I saw that he was going up and down collecting the revenue, neither abating nor increasing it, though Delhi was all afire, and the Sahibs lay dead about the fields. I have seen what I have seen. This *Raj* will not be talked down; and he who builds on the present madness of the *Sahib-log*, which, O Naik, covers great cunning, builds for himself a lock-up. My father's uncle has seen their country, and he says that he is afraid as never he feared before. So Strickland Sahib's boy will come back to this country, and *his* son after him. Naik, have they named him yet?"

"The butler spoke to my household, having heard the talk at table, and he says that they will call him Adam—and no jaw-splitting English name. Ud—daam. The *padre* will name him at their church in due time."

"Who can tell the ways of Sahibs! Now Strickland Sahib knows more of the Faith than ever I had time to learn—prayers, charms, names, and stories of the Blessed Ones. Yet he is not a Musalman," said Imam Din, thoughtfully.

"For the reason that he knows as much of the Gods of Hindustan, and so rides with a rein in each hand. Remember that he sat under the Baba Atall, a *faquir* among *faquirs*, for ten days: whereby a man came to be hanged for the murder of the dancing-girl on the night of the great earthquake," said the Naik.

"True—it is true. And yet. . . .they are one day so wise, the Sahibs, and another so foolish. But he has named the child well: Adam. Huzrut Adam! Ho! ho! Father Adam we must call him."

"And all who minister to the child," said the Naik, quietly, but with meaning, "will come to great honor."

Adam throve, being prayed over before the Gods of at least three creeds, in a garden almost as fair as Eden. There were gigantic clumps of bamboo that talked continually, and enormous plantains on whose soft paper skin he could scratch with his nails; green domes of mango-trees as huge as the dome of St. Paul's, full of parrots as big as cassowaries, and gray squirrels the size of foxes. At the end of the garden stood a hedge of flaming poinsettias higher than anything in the world, because, childlike, Adam's eye could not carry to the tops of the mango-trees. Their green went out against the blue sky, but the red poinsettias he could just see. A nurse who talked continually about snakes and pulled him back from the mouth of a fascinating dry well, and a mother who believed that the sun hurt little heads, were the only drawbacks to this loveliness. But, as his legs grew under him, he found that by scaling an enormous rampart—three feet of broken-down mud wall at the end of the garden—he could come into a ready-made kingdom where every one was his slave. Imam Din showed him the way one evening, and the police troopers cooking their supper received him with rapture, and gave him pieces of very indigestible but altogether delightful spiced bread.

Here he sat or sprawled in the horse feed where the police horses were picketed in a double line, and he named them, men and beasts together, according to his ideas and experiences, as his First Father had done before him. In those days everything had a name, from the mud mangers to the heel ropes, for things were people to Adam exactly as people are things to folk in their second childhood. Through all the conferences—one hand twisted into Imam Din's beard, and the other on his polished belt buckle—there were two other people who came and went across the talk—Death and Sickness—persons greater than Imam Din, and stronger than the heel-roped stallions. There was Mata, the small-pox, a woman in some way connected with pigs; and Heza, the cholera, a black man according to Adam; and Booka, starvation; and Kismet, who settled all questions, from the untimely choking of a pet mungoose in the kitchen drain, to the absence of a young policeman who once missed a parade and never came back. It was all very wonderful to Adam, but not worth much thinking over; for a child's mind is bounded by his eyes exactly as a horse's view of the road is limited by blinkers. Between all these objectionable shadowy vagrants stood a ring of kind faces and strong arms, and Mata and Heza would never touch Adam, the first of men. Kismet might do so, because—and this was a mystery no staring into the looking-glass would solve—Kismet, who was a man, was also written, like Police Orders for the day, in or on Adam's head. Imam Din could not explain how this might be, and it was from that gray fat Muhammedan that Adam learned through every inflection the *Khuda janta* (God knows!) that settled everything in his mind.

Beyond the fact that "Khuda" was a very good man and kept lions, Adam's theology did not run far. Mrs. Strickland tried to teach him a few facts, but he revolted at the story of Genesis as untrue. A turtle, he said, upheld the world, and one-half the adventures of Huzrut Nu (Father Noah) had never been told. If Mamma wanted to hear them, she must ask Imam Din. Adam had heard of a Saint who made wooden cakes and pressed them to his stomach when he felt hungry, and the Feeding of the Multitude did not impress him. So it came about that a reading of miracle stories generally ended in a monologue by Adam on other and much more astonishing miracles.

"It's awful," said Mrs. Strickland, half crying, "to think of his growing up like a little heathen." Mrs. Strickland (Miss Youghal that was, if you remember her) had been born and brought up in England, and did not quite understand things.

"Let him alone," said Strickland. "He'll grow out of it all, or it will only come back to him in dreams."

"Are you sure?" said his wife, to whom Strickland's least word was pure truth.

"Quite. I was sent home when I was seven, and they flicked it out of me with a wet towel at Harrow. Public schools don't encourage anything that isn't quite English."

Mrs. Strickland shuddered, for she had been trying not to think of the separation that follows motherhood in India; and makes life there, for all that is written to the contrary, not quite the most desirable thing in the world. Adam trotted out to hear about more miracles, and his nurse must have worried him beyond bounds, for she came back weeping, saying that Adam Baba was in danger of being eaten alive by wild horses.

As a matter of fact, he had shaken off Juma by bolting between a couple of picketed horses and lying down under their bellies. That they were personal friends of his, Juma did not understand, nor Strickland either. Adam was settled at ease when his father arrived breathless and white, and the stallions put back their ears and squealed.

"If you come here," said Adam, "they will hit you kicks. Tell Juma I have eaten my rice and wish to be alone."

"Come out at once," said Strickland, for the horses were beginning to paw violently.

"Why should I obey Juma's orders? She is afraid of horses."

"It is not Juma's orders. It is *mine*. Obey."

"Ho!" said Adam, "Juma did not tell me that;" and he crawled out on all-fours among the shod feet. Mrs. Strickland was crying bitterly with fear and excitement, and as a sacrifice to the home gods Adam had to be whipped. He said, with perfect justice: "There was no order that I should not sit with the horses, and they are *my* horses. Why is there this *tamasha?*"

Strickland's face showed him that the whipping was coming, and the child turned white. Mother like, Mrs. Strickland left the room, but Juma, the foster-mother, staid to see.

"Am I to be whipped here?" he gasped.

"Of course."

"Before that woman? Father, I am a man—I am not afraid. It is my *izzat*—my honor."

Strickland only laughed (to this day I cannot imagine what possessed him), and gave Adam the little tap-tap with a riding-cane that was whipping sufficient for his years.

When it was all over, Adam said, quietly: "I am little, and you are big. If I had staid among my horse folk I should not have been whipped. *You* are afraid to go there."

The merest chance led me to Strickland's house that afternoon. When I was half-way down the drive Adam passed me without recognition at a fast run. I caught one glimpse of his face under his big hat, and it was the face of his father as I had once seen that in the gray of the morning when it bent above a leper. I caught the child by the shoulder.

"Let me go," he screamed; and he and I were the best of friends as a rule. "Let me go."

"Where to, Father Adam?" He was quivering like a new-haltered colt.

"To the well. I have been beaten. I have been beaten before women! Let me go!" He tried to bite my hand.

"That is a small matter," I said. "Men are born to beatings."

"Thou hast never been beaten," he said, savagely.

"Indeed I have. Times past counting."

"Before women?"

"My mother and the ayah saw. *By* women, too, for that matter. What of it?"

"What didst thou do?" He stared beyond my shoulder up the long drive.

"It is long ago, and I have forgotten. I was older than thou art; but even then I forgot, and now the thing is but a jest to be talked of."

Adam drew one big breath, and broke down utterly in my arms. Then he raised his head, and his eyes were Strickland's eyes when Strickland gave orders.

"Ho! Imam Din!"

The fat orderly seemed to spring out of the earth at our feet, crashing through the lilac-bushes, and standing to attention.

"Hast thou ever been beaten?" said Adam.

"Assuredly. By my father when I was thirty years old. He beat me with a plough-beam before all the women of the village."

"Wherefore?"

"Because I had returned to the village on leave from the government service, and had said of the village elders that they had not seen the world. Therefore he beat me, to show that no seeing of the world changed father and son."

"And thou?"

"I stood up. He was my father."

"Good," said Adam, and turned on his heel without another word.

Imam Din looked after him. "An elephant breeds but once in a lifetime, but he breeds elephants. Yet I am glad I am no sire of tuskers," said he.

"What is it all?" I asked.

"His father beat him with a whip no bigger than a reed. But the child could not have done what he desired to do without leaping through me. And I am of some few pounds weight. Look!"

Imam Din stepped back through the bushes, and the pressed grass showed that he had been lying curled round the mouth of the dry well.

"When there was talk of beating, I knew that one who sat among horses, such as ours, was not like to kiss his father's hand. So I lay down in this place." We both stood still looking at the well curb.

Adam came back along the garden path to us. "I have spoken to my father," he said, simply. "Imam Din, tell thy Naik that his woman is dismissed my service."

"Huzoor!" said Imam Din, stooping low.

"For no fault of hers."

"Protector of the Poor!"

"And to-day."

"Khodawund."

"It is an order. Go!"

Again the salute, and Imam Din departed, with that same set of the back which he wore when he had taken an order from Strickland. I thought that it would be well to go too, but Strickland beckoned me from the veranda. When I came up he was perfectly white, and, rocking to and fro in his chair, repeated "Good God!" half a dozen times.

"Do you know that he was going to chuck himself down the well—because I tapped him just now?" he said, helplessly.

"I ought to," I replied. "He has just dismissed his nurse—on his own authority, I suppose?"

"He told me just now that he wouldn't have her for a nurse any more. I never supposed he meant it for an instant. I suppose she'll have to go."

It is written elsewhere that Strickland was feared through the length and breadth of the Punjab by murderers, horse-thieves, and cattle-lifters.

Adam returned, halting outside the veranda, very white about the lips.

"I have sent away Juma because she saw that—that which happened. Until she is gone I do not come in the house," he said.

"But to send away thy foster-mother?" said Strickland, with reproach.

"I do not send her away. It is thy blame," and the small forefinger was pointed to Strickland. "I will not obey her; I will not eat from her hand, and I will not sleep with her. Send her away."

Strickland stepped out and lifted the child into the veranda.

"This folly has lasted long enough," he said. "Come, now, and be wise."

"I am little and you are big," said Adam, between set teeth. "You can beat me before this man or cut me to pieces. But I will not have Juma for my ayah any more. I will not eat till she goes. I swear it by—my father's head."

Strickland sent him in doors to his mother, and we could hear sounds of weeping, and Adam's voice saying nothing more than, "Send Juma away." Presently Juma came in and wept too, and Adam repeated, "It is no fault of thine, but go!"

And the end of it was that Juma went, with all her belongings, and Adam fought his own way alone into his little clothes until a new ayah came. His address of welcome to her was rather amazing; in a few words it ran: "If I do wrong send me to my father. If you strike me I will try to kill you. I do not wish my ayah to play with me. Go and eat rice."

From that day Adam forswore the society of ayahs and small native girls as much as a small boy can, confining himself to Imam Din and his friends of the police. The Naik, Juma's husband, had been presuming not a little on his position, and when Adam's favor was withdrawn from his wife he judged it best to apply for a transfer to another post. There were too many companions anxious to report his shortcomings to Strickland.

Towards his father Adam kept a guarded neutrality. There was not a touch of sulkiness in it, for the child's temper was as clear as a bell. But the difference and the politeness worried Strickland.

If the other men had loved Adam before the affair of the well, they worshipped him now.

"He knows what Honor means," said Imam Din. "He has justified himself upon a point thereof. He has carried an order through his father's household as a child of the Blood might do. Therefore, he is not altogether a child any longer. Wah! He is a tiger's cub." The next time that Adam made his little unofficial inspection of the lines, Imam Din, and by consequence all the others, stood upon their feet with their hands to their sides, instead of calling out from where they lay, "Salaam, Babajee," and other disrespectful things.

But Strickland took long counsel with his wife, and she with the check-book and their lean bank account, and they decided that Adam must go "home" to his aunts. But England is not home to a child who has been born in India, and it never becomes homelike unless he spends all his youth there. The bank-book showed that if they economized through the summer by going to a cheap hill station instead of to Simla, where Mrs. Strickland's parents lived, and where Strickland might be noticed by the powers, they could send Adam home in the next spring. It would be hard pinching, but it could be done. In India all the money that people in other lands save against a rainy day runs off in loss by exchange, which to-day cuts a man's income down almost exactly to one-half. There is nothing to show for money when all is put by, and that is what makes married life there so hard. Strickland used to say, sometimes, that he envied the convicts in the jail. They had no position to keep up, and the ball and chain that the worst of them wore was only a few pounds weight of iron.

Dalhousie was chosen as being the cheapest of the hill stations; Dalhousie and a little five-roomed cottage full of mildew, tucked away among the rhododendrons.

Adam had been to Simla three or four times, and knew, by name, most of the tonga drivers from Kalka to Tara Deva, but this new plan disquieted him. He came to me for information, his hands deep in his knickerbocker pockets, walking, step for step, as his father walked.

"There will be none of my *bhai-bund* [brotherhood] up there," he said, disconsolately, "and they say that I must lie still in a doolie for a day and a night, being carried like a sheep. I wish to take some of my mounted men to Dalhousie."

I told him that there was a small boy, called Victor, at Dalhousie, who had a calf for a pet, and was allowed to play with it on the public roads. After that Adam could not sufficiently hurry the packing.

"First," said he, "I shall ask that man Victor to let me play with the cow's child. If he is *muggra* [ill-conditioned] I shall tell my policemen to take it away."

"But that is unjust," said Strickland, "and there is no order that the Police should do injustice."

"When the Government pay is not sufficient, and low-caste men are promoted, what *can* an honest man do?" he replied, in the very touch and accent of Imam Din, and Strickland's eyebrows went up.

"You talk too much to the Police, my son," he said.

"Always, about everything," said Adam, promptly. "They say that when I am an officer I shall know as much as my father."

"God forbid, little one!"

"They say, too, that you are as clever as Shaitan to know things."

"They say that, do they?" and Strickland looked pleased. His pay was small, but he had his reputation, and it was dear to him.

"They say also—not to me, but to one another when they eat rice behind the wall—that in your own heart you esteem yourself as wise as Suleiman, who was cheated by Shaitan."

This time Strickland did not look so pleased. Adam, in all innocence, launched into a long story about Suleiman-bin-Daoud, who once, out of vanity, pitted his wits against Shaitan, and because God was not on his side Shaitan sent "a little devil of low caste," as Adam put it, who cheated him utterly, and put him to shame before "all the other Rajas."

"By Gum!" said Strickland, when the tale was done, and went away, while Adam took me to task for laughing at Imam Din's stories. I did not wonder that he was called Huzrut Adam, for he looked old as all time in his grave childhood, sitting cross-legged, his battered little helmet far at the back of his head, his forefinger wagging up and down, native fashion, and the wisdom of serpents on his unconscious lips.

That May he went up to Dalhousie with his mother, and in those days the journey ended in fifty or sixty miles of uphill travel in a doolie or palanquin along a road winding through the Himalayas. Adam sat in the doolie with his mother, and Strickland rode and tied with me, a spare doolie following. The march began after we got out of the train at Pathankot, in a hot night among the rice and poppy fields.

It was all new to Adam, and he had opinions to advance—notably about a fish that jumped in a way-side pond. "Now I know," he shouted, "how Khuda puts them there. First he makes them and then he drops them down. That was a new one." Then, lifting his head to the stars, he cried, "Oh Khuda, do it again, but slowly, that I, Adam, may see."

But nothing happened, and the doolie-bearers lit the noisome dripping rag torches, and Adam's eyes shone big in the dancing light, and we smelt the dry dust of the Plains that we were leaving after eleven months' hard work.

At stated times the men ceased their drowsy, grunting tune, and sat down for a smoke. Between the guttering of their water pipes we could hear the cries of the beasts of the night, and the wind stirring in the folds of the mountains ahead. At the changing stations the voice of Adam, the first of men, would be lifted to rouse the sleepers in the huts till the fresh relays of bearers shambled from their cots, and the relief pony with them.

Then we would reform and go on, and by the time the moon rose, Adam was asleep, and there was no sound in the night except the grunting of the men, the husky murmur of some river a thousand feet down in the valley, and the squeaking of Strickland's saddle. So we went up from date-palm to deodar, till the dawn wind came round a corner all fresh from the snows and we snuffed it. I heard Strickland say, "Wife, my overcoat, please," and Adam, fretfully, "Where is Dalhousie and the cow's child?" and then I slept till Strickland turned me out of the warm doolie at seven o'clock, and I stepped out into all the splendor of a cool Hill day, the Plains sweltering twenty miles back and three thousand feet below.

Adam waked too, and needs must ride in front of me to ask a million questions, and shout at the monkeys, and clap his hands when the painted pheasants bolted across our road, and hail every wood-cutter and drover and pilgrim within sight, till we halted for breakfast at a staging-house. After breakfast, being a child, he went out to play with a train of bullock-drivers halted by the road-side, and we had to chase him out of a native liquor shop, where he was bargaining with a naked seven-year-old for a *mynah* in a bamboo cage.

Said he, wriggling on my pommel as we went on again: "There were four men *behosh* [insensible] at the back of that house. Wherefore do men grow *behosh* from drinking?"

"It is the nature of the water," I said, and calling back: "Strick, what's that grog-shop doing so close to the road? It's a temptation to any one's servants."

"Dun'no'," said a sleepy voice in the doolie. "This is Kennedy's district. 'Twasn't here in my time."

"Truly the water smells bad," Adam went on. "I smelt it, but I did not get the *mynah* even for six annas. The woman of the house gave me a love-gift, that I found, playing near the veranda."

"And what was the gift, Father Adam?"

"A nose-ring for my ayah. Ohe! Ohe! Look at that camel with the bag on his nose." A string of loaded camels came cruising round the corner, as a fleet rounds a cape.

"Ho, Malik! Why does not a camel salaam like an elephant? His neck is long enough," Adam cried.

"The angel Jibrail made him a fool from the beginning," said the driver, as he swayed on the top of the led beast, and laughter ran all along the line of red-bearded men.

"That is true," said Adam, and they laughed again.

At last, in the late afternoon, we came to Dalhousie, the loveliest of the hill stations, and separated, Adam hardly to be restrained from setting out at once to find Victor and the "cow's child." I found them both, something to my trouble, next morning. The two young sinners had a calf on a taut line just at a sharp turn in the Mall, and were pretending that he was a Raja's elephant who had gone mad. But it was my horse that nearly went mad, and they shouted with delight. Then we began to talk, and Adam, by way of crushing Victor's repeated reminders that he and not "that other" was the owner of the calf, said, "It is true I have no cow's child, but a great dacoity has been done on my father."

"We came up together yesterday. There could have been nothing," I said.

"It was my mother's horse. She has been *dacoited* with beating and blows, and now it is so thin." He held his hands an inch apart. "My father is at the *tar*-house sending *tars*. Imam Din will cut off *all* their heads. I desire your saddle-cloth for a howdah to my elephant. Give it me."

This was exciting, but not lucid. I went to the telegraph office, and found Strickland in a black temper among many telegraph forms. A dishevelled, one-eyed groom stood in a corner whimpering at intervals. He was a man whom Adam invariably addressed as "*Be-shakl, be-ukl, be-ank*"—ugly, stupid, eyeless. It seemed, according to Strickland, that he had sent his wife's horse up to Dalhousie by road, a fortnight's march. This is the custom in Upper India. Among the foot-hills near Dhunnera or Dhar, horse and man had been violently set upon in the night by four men, who had beaten the groom (his leg was bandaged from knee to ankle in proof), had incidentally beaten the horse, and had robbed the groom of the bucket and blanket, and all his money—eleven rupees, nine annas, three pie. Last, they had left him for dead by the way-side, where wood-cutters had found and nursed him. Then the one-eyed man howled with anguish, thinking over his bruises. "They asked me if I was Strickland Sahib's servant, and I, thinking the protection of the name would be sufficient, spoke the truth. Then they beat me grievously."

"Hm!" said Strickland. "I thought they wouldn't dacoit as a business on the Dalhousie road. This is meant for me personally—sheer *badmashi* [impudence]. All right."

In justice to a very hard-working class, it must be said that the thieves of Upper India have the keenest sense of humor. The last compliment that they can pay a Police officer is to rob him, and if, as once they did, they can loot a Deputy Inspector-General of Police, on the eve of his retirement, of everything except the clothes on his back, their joy is complete. They cause letters of derision and telegrams of condolence to be sent to the victim; for, of all men, thieves are most compelled to keep abreast of progress.

Strickland was a man of few words where his business was concerned. I had never seen a Police officer robbed before, and I expected some excitement, but Strickland held his tongue. He took the groom's deposition, and then retired into himself for a time—evolving thieves. Then he sent Kennedy, of the Pathankot charge, an official letter and an unofficial note. Kennedy's reply was purely unofficial, and it ran thus: "This seems a compliment solely intended for you. My wonder is, you didn't get it before. The men are probably back in your district by this time. The Dhunnera and foot-hill people are highly respectable cultivators, and seeing my Assistant is an unlicked pup, and I can't trust my Inspector out of my sight, I'm not going to turn their harvest upside down with a police investigation. I'm run off my feet with vaccination police work. You'd better look at home. The Shubkudder Gang were through here a fortnight back. They laid up at the Amritsar Serai, and then worked down. No cases against them in my charge, but remember you lagged their malik for receiving in Prub Dyal's burglary. They owe you one."

"Exactly what I thought," said Strickland. "I had a notion it was the Shubkudder Gang from the first. We must make it pleasant for them at Peshawur, and in my district too. They're just the kind that would lie up under Imam Din's shadow."

From this point onward the wires began to be worked heavily. Strickland had a very fair knowledge of the Shubkudder Gang, gathered at first hand.

They were the same syndicate that had once stolen a Deputy Commissioner's cow, put horseshoes on her, and taken her forty miles into the jungle before they lost interest in the joke. They added insult to insult by writing that the Deputy Commissioner's cows and horses were so much alike that it took them two days to find out the difference, and they would not lift the like of such cattle any more.

The District Superintendent at Peshawur replied to Strickland that he was expecting the Gang, and Strickland's Assistant in his own district, being young and full of zeal, sent up the most amazing clews.

"Now that's just what I want that young fool not to do," said Strickland. "He hasn't passed the Lower Standard yet, and he's an English boy born and bred, and his father before him. He has about as much tact as a bull, and he won't work quietly under my Inspector. I wish the Government would keep our service for country-born men. Those first five or six years give a man a pull that last him his life. Adam, if you were only old enough to be my 'Stunt'!" He looked down at the little fellow on the veranda. Adam was deeply interested in the dacoity, and, unlike a child, did not lose interest after the first week. On the contrary, he would ask his father every evening what had been done, and Strickland had drawn him a picture on the white wall of the veranda showing the different towns in which policemen were on the lookout for the thieves. They were Amritsar, Jullunder, Phillour, Gurgaon, in case the Gang were moving south, Rawal, Pindi, and Peshawur, with Multan. Adam looked up at the picture as he answered,

"There has been great *dikh* [trouble] in this case."

"Very great trouble; I wish that thou wert a young man and my assistant to help me."

"Dost thou need help, my father?" Adam asked, curiously, with his head on one side.

"Very much."

"Leave it all alone. It is bad. Let loose everything."

"That must not be. Those beginning a business, continue to the end."

"Thou wilt continue to the end? Dost thou not *know* who did the dacoity?"

Strickland shook his head. Adam turned to me with the same question, and I answered it in the same way.

"What foolish people!" he said, and turned his back on us. He showed plainly in all our dealings afterwards how we had fallen in his opinion. Strickland told me that he would sit at the door of his father's work-room and stare at him for half an hour at a time as he went through his papers. Strickland seemed to work harder over the case than if he had been in office in the plains.

"And sometimes I look up and I fancy the little chap's laughing at me. It's an awful thing to have a son. You see he's your own and his own, and between the two you don't know quite how to handle him," said Strickland. "I wonder what in the world he thinks about?"

I asked Adam this on my own account. He put his head on one side for a moment and replied: "In these days I think about great things. I do not play with Victor and the cow's child any more. He is only a baba."

At the end of the third week of Strickland's leave, the result of Strickland's labors—labors that had made Mrs. Strickland more indignant against dacoits than any one else—came to hand. The police at Peshawur reported that half the Shubkudder Gang were held at Peshawur to account for the possession of some blankets and a horse-bucket. Strickland's Assistant had also four men under suspicion in his charge; and Imam Din must have stirred up Strickland's Inspector to investigations on his own account, for a string of incoherent telegrams came in from the Club Secretary, in which he entreated, exhorted, and commanded Strickland to take his "mangy harildars" off the Club premises. "Your men, in servants' quarters here, examining cook. Marker indignant. Steward threatens resignation. Members furious. *Saises* stopped on roads. Shut up, or my resignation goes to Committee."

"Now, I shouldn't in the least wonder," said Strickland, thoughtfully, to his wife, "if the Club was not just *the* place where a man would lie up. Billy Watson isn't at all pleased, though. I think I shall have to cut my leave by a week and go down with the *leais*. If there's anything to be told, the men will tell me."

Mrs. Strickland's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall try to steal ten days if I can at Badar Kalit time," he said, soothingly; "but I must go now. It will never do for the gang to think that they can dacoit my belongings."

That was in the forenoon, and Strickland asked me to tiffin to leave me some instructions about his big dog, with authority to rebuke those who did not attend to her. *Tietjens* was growing too old and too fat to live in the Plains in the summer. When I came, Adam had climbed into his high chair at table, and Mrs. Strickland seemed ready to weep at any moment over the general misery of things.

"I go down the hill to-morrow, little son," said Strickland.

"Wherefore?" said Adam, reaching out for a ripe mango and burying his head in it.

"Imam Din has caught the men who did the dacoity, and there are also others at Peshawur under suspicion. I must go to see."

"*Bus!*" said Adam, between sucks at his mango, as Mrs. Strickland tucked the napkin round his neck. "Imam Din speaks lies. Do not go."

"It is necessary. There has been great *dikh-dari* [trouble-giving]."

Adam came out of the fruit for a minute and laughed. Then, returning, he spoke between slow and deliberate mouthfuls:

"The dacoits live in Beshakl's head. They will never be caught. All people know that. The cook knows, and the scullion, and Rahim Baksh here."

"Nay," said the butler behind his chair, hastily. "What should I know? Nothing at all does the servant of the Presence know."

"Accha," said Adam, and sucked on. "Only it *is* known."

"Speak, then," said Strickland. "What dost thou know? Remember the *sais* was beaten insensible."

"That was in the bad-water shop where I played when we came here. The boy who would not sell me the *mynah* for six annas told me that a one-eyed man had come there and drunk the bad waters and gone mad. He broke bedsteads. They hit him with a bamboo till he was *behosh*, and fearing he was dead they nursed him on milk—like a little baba. When I was playing first with the cow's child I asked Beshakl if he were that man, and he said no. But I knew, because many wood-cutters asked him whether his head were whole now."

"But why," I interrupted, "did Beshakl tell lies?"

"Oh! he is a low-caste man and desired consideration. Now he is a witness in a great law case, and men will go to the jailkhana on his account. It was to give trouble and obtain notice."

"Was it all lies?" said Strickland.

"Ask him," said Adam, cheerily, through the mango juice.

Strickland passed through the door, there was a howl of despair in the servants' quarters up the hill, and he returned with the one-eyed groom.

"Now," said Strickland, "it is known. Declare!"

"Beshakl," said Adam, while the man gasped, "Imam Din has caught four men, and there are some more at Peshawur. *Bus! Bus! Bus!*"

"Thou didst get drunk by the way-side, and didst make a false case to cover it. Speak!"

Like a good many other men, Strickland, in possession of a few facts, was irresistible. The groom groaned.

"I—I did not get drunk till—till— Protector of the Poor, the mare rolled."

"All horses roll at Dhunnera. The road is too narrow before that, and they smell where the other horses have rolled. This the bullock-drivers told me when they came there," said Adam.

"She rolled. The saddle was cut and the curb-chain was lost."

"See!" said Adam, tugging a curb-chain from his pocket. "That woman in the shop gave it to me for a love-gift. Beshakl said that it was not his when showed it. But I knew."

"Then they in the grog-shop, knowing that I was the servant of the Presence, said that unless I drank and spent money they would tell."

"A lie. A lie," said Strickland. "Son of an owl, speak truth now at least."

"Then I was afraid because I had lost the curb-chain, so I cut the saddle across and about."

"She did *not* roll, then?" said Strickland, bewildered and very angry.

"It was the curb-chain that was lost. I cut the saddle, and went to drink in the shop. I drank, and there was a fray. The rest I have forgotten, till I was recovered."

"And the mare, the while? What of the mare?"

The man looked at Strickland, and collapsed. "I will speak truth. She bore fagots for a wood-cutter for a week."

"Oh, poor *Diamond!*" said Mrs. Strickland.

"And Beshakl was paid four annas for her hire three days ago by the wood-cutter's brother, who is the left-hand man of the *jhampanis* here," said Adam, in a loud and joyful voice. "We all knew. We all knew. I and the servants."

Strickland was silent. His wife stared helplessly at the child—the soul called out of the Nowhere, that went its own way alone.

"Did no man help thee with the lies?" I asked of the groom.

"None. Protector of the Poor—not one."

"They grew, then?"

"As a tale grows in the telling. Alas, I am a very bad man!" and he blinked his one eye dolefully.

"Now four men are held at my station on thy account, and God knows how many more at Peshawur, besides the questions at Multan, and my *izzat* is lost, and the mare has been pack-pony to a wood-cutter. Son of devils, what canst thou do to make amends?"

There was just a little break in Strickland's voice, and the man caught it. Bending low, he answered in the abject fawning whine that confounds right and wrong more surely even than most modern creeds, "Protector of the Poor, is the police service shut to—an honest man?"

"Out!" cried Strickland, and swiftly as the groom departed he must have heard our shout of laughter behind him.

"If you dismiss that man, Strick, I shall engage him. He's a genius," I said. "It will take you months to put this mess right, and Billy Watson won't give you a minute's peace."

"You aren't going to tell him?" said Strickland, appealingly.

"I couldn't keep this to myself if you were my own brother. Four men held with you—four or forty at Peshawur—and what was that you said about Multan?"

"Oh, nothing. Only some camel-men there have been—"

"And a tribe of camel-drivers at Multan! All on account of a curb-chain. Oh my aunt!"

"And whose memsahib was thy aunt?" said Adam, with the mango stone in his fist. We began to laugh again.

"But here," said Strickland, pulling his face together, "is a very bad child who has caused his father to lose honor before all the policemen of the Punjab."

"Oh, they know," said Adam. "It was only for the sake of show that they caught people. Assuredly they all knew it was *benowti* [make-up]."

"And since when hast thou known?" said the first policeman in India to his son.

"Four days after we came here—after the wood-cutter had asked Beshakl of the health of his head. Beshakl all but slew one at that bad-water place."

"If thou hadst spoken then, time and money and trouble to me and to others had all been spared. Baba, thou hast done a wrong greater than thy knowledge, and thou hast put me to shame, and set me out upon false words, and broken my honor. Thou hast done *very* wrong. But perhaps thou didst not think?"

"Nay, but I *did* think. Father, *my* honor was lost when that happened that—that happened in Juma's presence. Now it is made whole again."

And with the most enchanting smile in the world, Adam climbed up on to his father's lap.

IMPRISONED.

'Tis strange you think her, standing cold and dumb,
  Defying life with her grief-haunted eyes,
  And holding back the wailing woman-cries
That from her sisters oft are wont to come
When anguish bows them? Nay, she is not strange.
  Some sorrows can cry out for human aid,
While others lie beyond the mortal range
  Of mortal love. 'Twas such dire woe that laid
A hand on her. This Iron Grief which scarred
Her soul's white truth has kept its portals barred.

Maude Andrews.

THE REBELLION IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

Before now it has probably occurred to President Diaz that "kings have cares that wait upon a crown." If not, the uprising in Chihuahua will furnish an example; and yet I fear that the men who are now pressing his troops so sorely will not make a Lexington out of any town in that state, because they have already fired shots in plenty, and none of them have been "heard around the world," and, indeed, I doubt if any one but President Diaz's chief of staff has the ring of them in his ears. I travelled in Chihuahua nearly a year ago, and there was then much muttering. The killing at Tamochi had taken place, and Guerrero was full of wounded soldiers. Santa Anna Perez had not done what was expected of him as a militia chief in that fight, and was "cut off" the Mexican pay-roll, and had a skirmish with the Mexican authorities in the outlying town of Guerrero. He had withdrawn to a place of seclusion where his base of retreat could not be affected. Famine, and the natural tendency "agin the government," and the use of force as a political method, which is a Spanish political legacy to all Spanish Americans, helped him out, and he is now having a career which, while it may not be brief, owing to the terrible mountain wilderness at his back, will yet avail him nothing but the satisfaction of his natural predatory impulses. Already he has defeated, if reports are true, three forces of regular Mexican troops, and is "out still." There are rumors of the Yaqui Indians formally joining the discontented, which is not unlikely, since they have always been at war with the federal government, and have never been formally conquered. They are a numerous and a warlike people, and with the great reach of the Sierra Madre at their back the problem of their conquest is even more difficult than was our suppression of the Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico.

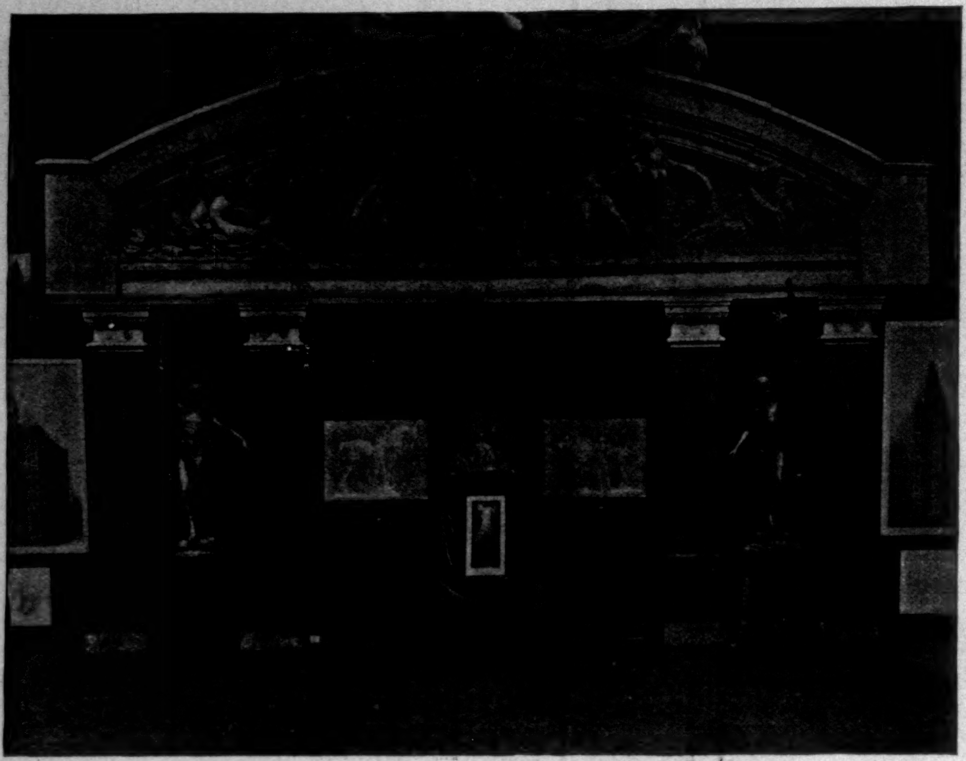
Some months ago I wrote in the Weekly of this uprising, and, at the risk of what all prophets run, I detailed what the Mexican military authorities would be compelled to do, and by now they are doing it. I fear they have the English and American trick down there of sending out an inferior force at first, which is soundly thrashed, which emboldens the enemy, and then the regular government gets red in the face and overdoes the final *coup*.

President Diaz is open to the charge which all his enemies make against him, but he alone can handle Mexico and make life safe, industry possible, and allow civilization a chance with the bepistolled and besabred freebooters who formerly controlled the land, and when a Mexican revolution is started which has a man at its head who would not make a prison-door grin as he entered, it may have American sympathies; but in this case we can afford to reserve all ours. Santa Anna helped to kill an American army officer in uniform who was in Mexico under treaty rights on an Apache trail, and every soldier north of the Rio Grande would like to see his skin tacked up on a *corral*.

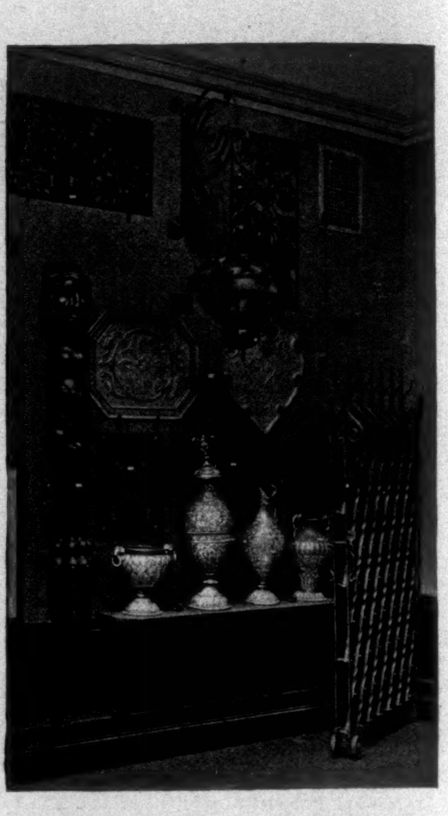
The Mexican soldiers are brave fellows. Many of them gallant officers with all the traditions of the craft. The ranks are not recruited in a praiseworthy manner outside of some of the crack regiments, and they are not very satisfactory material to turn to and say, "Come on, boys," and yet, when the conditions are right, they have put up some lovely fights in times past. In the present campaign they have a shifty and warlike race to fight under the worst possible conditions of wilderness. It is precisely like fighting Indians, only more so, since Indians did have big camps or *rancherias* and women and ponies, whereas these folks abandon such as they have and take to the mountains, with the United States on the north, in case of final overthrow.

The probabilities now are that there will be a long, tedious, and expensive campaign in northern Mexico, and just at this time, with the bad financial condition of Mexico, and the ensuing general discontent, it is not easy to concentrate too much force in one place so far from the big centres of population, which alone are vital and to be feared. At no period of his career has President Diaz had to face a situation which is as grave as this may easily become, and yet we must reserve our sympathies until an opposition appears which is not controlled by men whose motives are generated in that part of their brains which lies back of a point which in a lady is marked by her hat-pin.

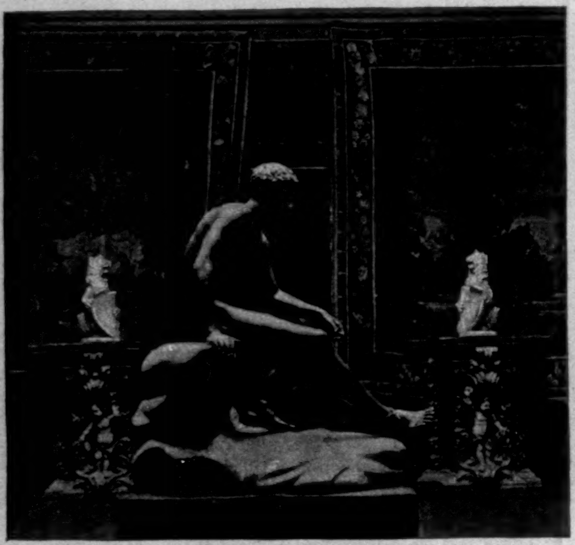
Frederic Remington.



IN THE VANDERBILT GALLERY.

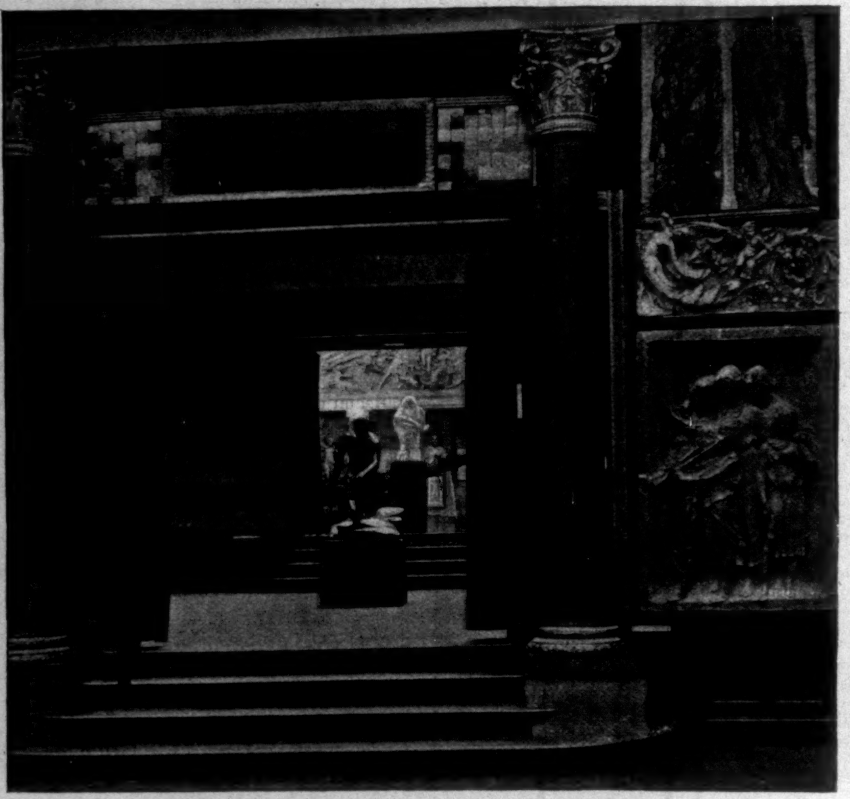


A CORNER IN THE EASTERN GALLERY.

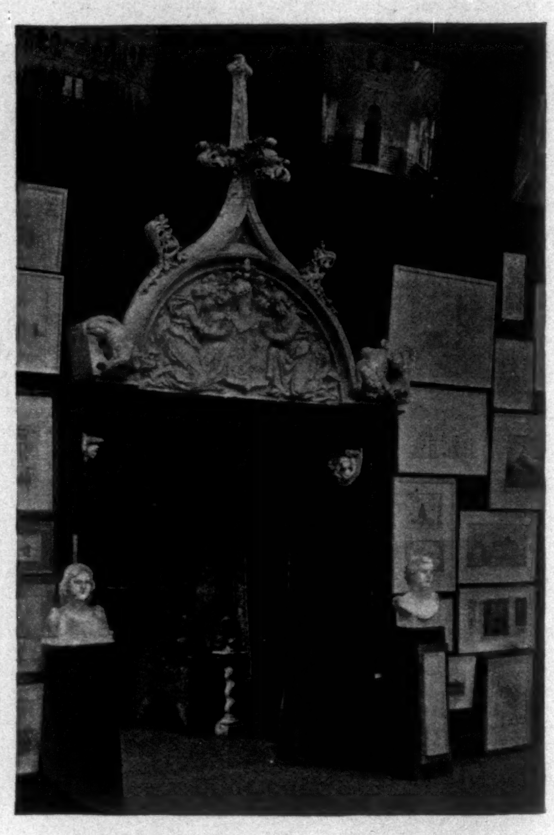


BRONZE HERMES, CENTRAL GALLERY.

WEST SIDE OF CENTRAL GALLERY.



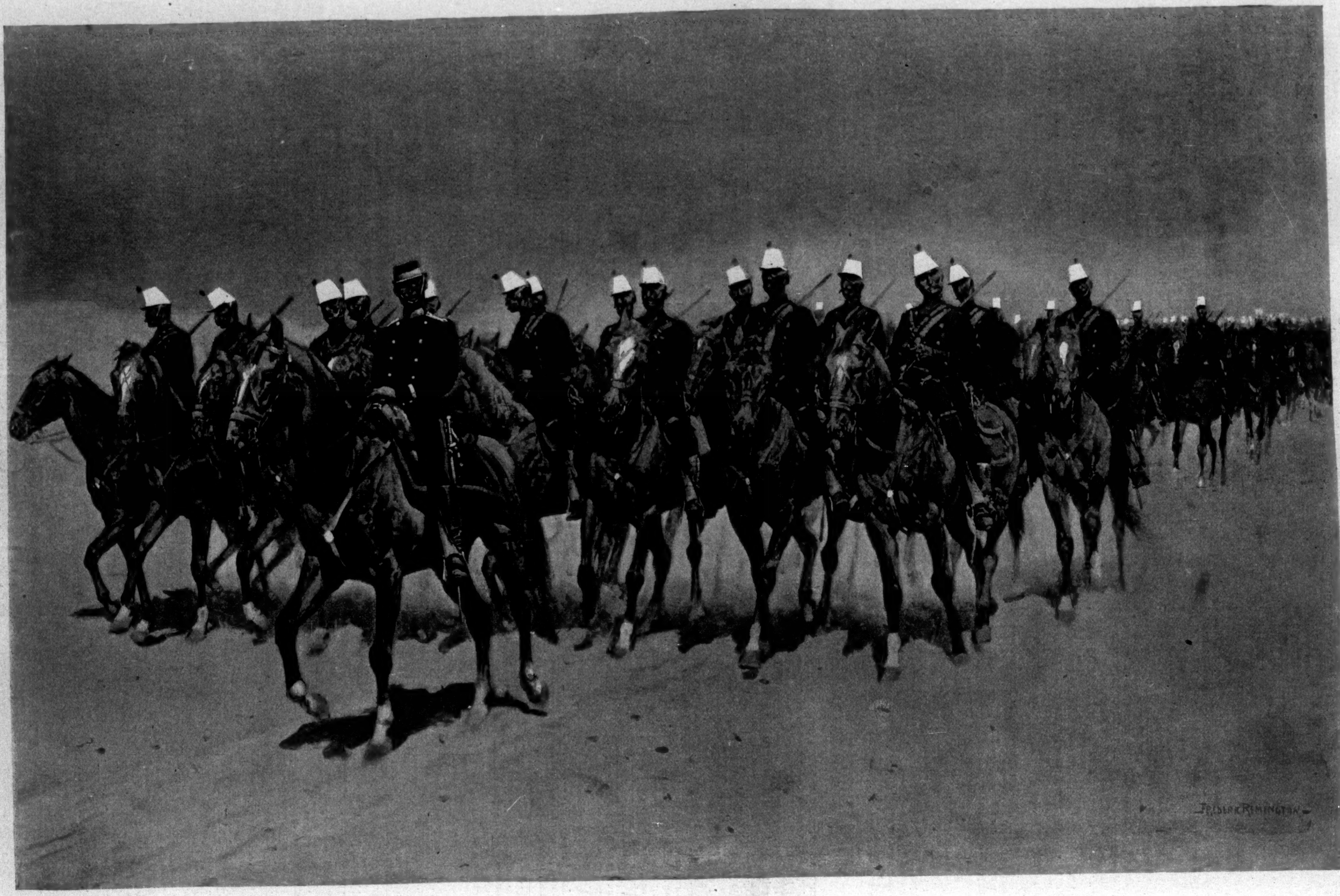
VIEW FROM SOUTH GALLERY, SHOWING BRONZE HERMES.



VANDERBILT GALLERY—ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL GALLERY.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK—VIEWS FROM THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

From Photographs.—[See Page 1258.]


FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE REVOLUTION IN NORTHERN MEXICO—MOVING REGULARS TO THE FRONT.—From the Painting by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 1247.]

HIPPOLYTE.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

VI.

HOWEVER much I disliked or thought I ought to dislike Monte Carlo, Hippolyte found it adorable. The hotel maintained a band of musicians to play for the ladies'-maids, valets, footmen, and couriers while at table, and gave them champagne three times a week. He began, it seemed to me, in the sunshine of such joys, to blossom a trifle too luxuriantly. One morning he presented himself in an infamous cravat of white satin, bedecked with crimson dots and dashes, and I availed myself of the occasion to read him a little sermon. "You are," I said, "already provided with clothing appropriate to your condition in life, and when you spend your own money in buying so monstrous a thing as that, you do not succeed in making yourself look like a gentleman instead of a servant, but like one of the vulgar little shopkeepers you see arrive here by the cheap trains every day, persons whose position in life is one of much less comfort and elegance than yours."

"Oui, monsieur; soyez tranquille, monsieur," replied Hippolyte. "Cela n'arriverait plus." Here was a new phrase, which was, I plainly saw, about to add itself to the two flowers of speech to which I was already used; and it seemed to me to mark the appearance of a flaw in the clear crystal of my treasure among servants. It had the air of lying on the lower slope of a moral declivity. The "Oui, monsieur" was admirable. It was respect, assent, submission, everything that could be wished. And then the "soyez tranquille" was a falling away. It implied that there might be reason for me to need some reassurance. But this new protestation, that what had occurred should not recur, seemed to smack of the sinner with whom amendment and backsliding are a daily habit. It betokened an easy knack of self-condonation, unlike the abject remorse which had followed the incident of the riding-school.

"You may be sure, my boy," I continued, "that the greatest outward difference between gentlemen and people of the middle class lies in the fact that persons of that sort wear showy, tawdry clothes, and do not wash themselves. You have learned to take your bath every day, and you must try to believe that my taste in the matter of dress is better than your own. If you save your money, as I hope you will, and are enabled, after I am dead and have no further occasion for your services, to set up some little business for yourself, you will find that the experience you have had as a servant will have made you greatly superior, in appearance and in manners, to other tradespeople."

Hippolyte expressed his ardent wish that I might live to be a thousand, and permitted himself to observe that monsieur had a better mien in Monte Carlo than he had shown in Paris. But, like many other men who are dreadfully frightened when they are really ill, I find a melancholy pleasure, when I am at my best, in contemplating my approaching release from this unworthy world's captivity. And I will say for Hippolyte that he was a servant to whom one could talk, and that is a huge comfort. With many servants you dare hardly ask what the weather is, when you are called in the morning, lest they take it upon themselves to chatter. But Hippolyte was the most deferential of creatures, and yet had none of that sense of personal abasement which marks the manner of the free-born Briton when he has to lace your boots.

When he had removed the offending cravat, I bade him run to the hotels which Ledyard and Montgoublin respectively inhabited, to ask them if they would not drive over to Nice with me for breakfast. They both accepted the invitation, and when I had ordered the phaeton and pair, which are held at my disposal by one of the millionaires who enrich themselves in the course of letting horses at Monte Carlo, I wrote a little note to ask Madame de Sebenwald if three dreary old gentlemen could not prevail on her to make the day a *fête* by going with them to Nice. And I added that I hoped the cold of madame, her aunt, was already better, and that it would not be many days before that lady would be well enough to go to drive herself. I was not very sure that the Baronne would go, but I did not see that she could take grave offence at my asking her to go without her aunt, notwithstanding that the latter was no more indisposed than I. A man of my age ought surely to have the run of some of the minor audacities. And it did not seem to me that a lady who kept her duenna as severely in the background as did this one hers, could find herself the worse for driving to Nice with three old fogies.

Apparently the Baronne took my view of the matter, for she sent word that she would be ready at noon precisely, and did not keep us waiting a moment at her door. Her punctuality delighted me so much, for I am never late myself and hate to be kept waiting, that I started down the hill in the highest good-humor, quite unruffled by the stupid chaff of Ledyard, who asked, from the rear seat which he occupied with Montgoublin, "Who taught you to drive—your cornopean player?"

The road which runs along the shore from Monte Carlo to Nice is not, perhaps, so picturesque as the lofty route of the Cornice; but it is, none the less, one of the prettiest drives in Europe. The stout little horses which ply for hire all through the Riviera season, and in the summer go to climb the hills of the Savoy, make the run in an hour; and it is one of the absurd traditions of life in this little corner of the world, where pleasure-seekers of all races come to find their winter sunshine, that those who stay at Nice shall drive to Monte Carlo every day, and that those who live at Monte Carlo shall go to Nice for luncheon.

Short as the road was, I learned a good deal about my pretty companion before we arrived at London House. And if the account she gave me of her position and her purposes in life did not tend to raise her greatly in my estimation, it at any rate sufficed to awaken in my mind a curious interest in her proceedings. Ledyard and Montgoublin were busily forecasting the results of an approaching pigeon-match, and, left to amuse herself as best she could with me, she passed the time by telling me much more about herself than any well-bred English woman would have cared to confide to so casual an acquaintance—a garrulity which I took to be one of the forms of that strange want of the sense of privacy that Englishmen observe in almost every sort of foreigners. Her uncompleted marriage had, it seemed, added nothing to her means, and she had made serious inroads upon her modest fortune by ill-advised investments, and by the careless self-indulgence which seemed to be a habit with her.

"It's a poor life I lead," she said. "My home is in a stupid suburb of Vienna. I have tried living in Florence, and I don't think I like that much better. I can't afford to live in Paris, and if I can win some more money I think I shall make a trip around the world. I don't suppose my aunt will like it much; but I don't think she likes anything. I am sure she doesn't like me. But it is more fitting that I should have her with me than that I should employ a stranger as my companion. I don't in the least blame you for thinking she has a cold. We shall have a very jolly time as it is, and she would have been a nuisance. It is very nice that you and Mr. Ledyard, who has been so kind to me, are of a certain age, because, if you were younger, I couldn't go about with you. You see, mine is a difficult position. A woman about whose marriage there has been a story, even if she has been as little married as I have been, is supposed to go and live in a quiet place, and read aloud to the rheumatic poor. I hate to read aloud, and I detest the rheumatic poor. But I lead a very prosy life of it, and what thanks do I get? One or two of the English ladies of whom every one stands in such awe are gracious enough to receive me, but I suppose they would scold me for coming over here with you. I am almost as entirely *déclassée* as if I didn't behave myself; but I don't want not to behave myself: I want to have plenty of money, and to amuse myself like other women of my own age."

"Why don't you marry?" I asked her. "You're young enough in all conscience—and pretty enough."

"Will you marry me?" she asked.

"That is no reply to what I said. I'm too old and too fond of my own way to marry anybody. But the world is full of young fellows with more money and more courage than I have."

"Of both of which," she said, "you no doubt think you would need an ample supply. But they don't want to marry me; I don't think they even fall in love with me. I have tried to make myself agreeable to one or two whom I thought *auraient pu faire mon affaire*, and they seemed to like me, in a way, but it didn't come to anything."

"Perhaps you show your good taste by liking yourself very much; and I have observed that women who are what romantic people rudely enough call selfish, rarely arouse any strong interest in a man. One reads a lot about the magnificently cold-hearted women who make one man after another miserable for life; but when it comes to a man being fond enough of a woman to want to marry her, it is generally a woman of a more or less affectionate and disinterested disposition. She may change after she is married, and lead him an awful life of it, but she must have at any rate an outward softness to begin with."

"And you think I am hard?" she retorted, with a look out of her clear brown eyes that would have set Ledyard to talking any amount of nonsense. But I was busy avoiding a child that had been set out in the road to get itself run over and earn a *solatium* for its parents, and I contented myself with saying that I thought her to be a very charming young woman with a highly developed capacity for being good to herself in her own fashion.

She was silent for a moment, and then, as we crossed the Paillon and turned the corner of the public gardens, she said: "I must wait until I find some old gentleman—not a clever old gentleman like you, who remembers wise things he has read in books, and utterly confuses lone young women with them, but an old, old gentleman who will be pushed about in a wheeled chair, and buy me all the sapphires in the Rue de France, or else some one of your young English milords fresh from the university, and so shy that when I see him coming down the street and give him my parasol to carry and tell him to follow me, I can lead him into a church and marry him before he has the courage to say no."

"I think the 'old, old gentleman' would serve the purpose better, and if he were ever troublesome you could give the wheeled chair a little push over the embankment there, and let him run comfortably into the sea."

It was quite a merry breakfast party. People may talk about the "Paris" at Monte Carlo, but I believe London House to be the best restaurant in all the south of Europe; and the *maître d'hôtel*, who has all the courteous dignity of the Russian Grand-Dukes he delights to serve, is one of my most cherished friends. Perhaps the air of Nice has something to do with it, for the same people and the same plates and dishes go to Aix-les-Bains each summer, and there they poison you. Madame de Sebenwald was good enough to seem very much pleased, and I own I like taking a smartly dressed and pretty woman into a restaurant much better than going in with only men. It's like having a flower in one's coat—it makes one look fresher and younger.

I knew Montgoublin to be fully as fussy as myself at table, and I was amused to see that the Baronne listened with discerning interest as I discussed the composition of the menu with the *maître d'hôtel*. It is an old saying among men of the world, and, for all I know, may have been recorded by some of the social philosophers, that a thoroughly good woman always shows the most abysmal ignorance regarding what she eats and drinks. And if, as she had said, Madame de Sebenwald's conjugal misadventure had tended to put her apart from other women of her class in life, she had at any rate the consolation of knowing a good breakfast from a bad one. Although the three Sacher restaurants in and about Vienna are not, to my mind, so fine as their patrons think them, a great number of discerning epicures are to be found among the Viennese. The Hungarians, who spend so much of their time in Vienna, are almost as fond of good living as the Russians, and hardly less profuse in their expenditure at table. And they have imparted to the Viennese taste a certain tinge of romanticism, derived, no doubt, from the picturesqueness of their own cuisine.

The Baronne, I was glad to see, appreciated the fresh caviare, which is, I think, to be found in greater perfection at Nice than anywhere else out of Russia. It was of the delicate color of a hazelnut, and each egg large, firm, and well defined. She took but half her glass of *vodka*, which I thought a most judicious compromise between the timidity of the woman who eschews so excellent a digestive and the temerity of one who tries to be as throat-hardened as a man. She had enough regard for local color to eat a little of her *nuna* salad, and when the *gortsch* and *kacha* came, she poured the beet juice on the clotted cream with all the gusto of a dweller by the Danube. By the time we had finished our *côtelettes à la victime* and modestly disposed of one magnum of champagne among the four of us, we were all in high good-humor, and Montgoublin and Ledyard, to whom she had confided her ambitious plan of travel, devoted themselves to an elaborate consideration of the precise *coups* by which she should achieve the preliminary conquest of the tables, and of the details of her itinerary. She took my pencil-case to draw upon the table-cloth a chart of her projected route, and Montgoublin told her that, for a lady who claimed the favor with which the fates are supposed to regard needy gamblers, she did herself uncommonly well in the matter of rings.

"I love my rings," she said; "they are my only barbarism; but, like all barbarians, I neglect my idols. I must give them to the jeweller in the *Galerie* to clean."

"You needn't do that," said I. "His charges are based upon the prodigality of winners. I'll send my servant to you, who used to be a jeweller by trade, and will clean them for you quite as well."

"Or elope with them," said Ledyard, "and then we'll all have to melt up our watch-chains and have them hammered into new rings for you."

"If I were you," said Montgoublin, "I should spend at least six months in Japan, and bring away a Japanese house which you can put up at Monte Carlo, and the most beautiful kimonos in the world, and then you shall have us all to dine, and we will sit cross-legged on the floor."

"Bring a jinricksha too," said I, "and you can put Ledyard in the shafts and make him pull you up and down the hills."

"You shall put me anywhere you wish, my dear child," said Ledyard, "and I will do anything you bid me. These men lead gluttonous lives, but I am a simple creature and have kept my heart young. It's eating that ages people, always. And I consider myself very lucky in having made so light a luncheon, for we shall certainly be upset on the way home, and I will seize you delicately in my arms and bound gracefully into a place of safety."

But no such calamity disturbed our return journey, and we all went to the rooms for an hour before dinner, where Ledyard lost furiously, and the rest of us did very little by way of either gain or loss.

VII.

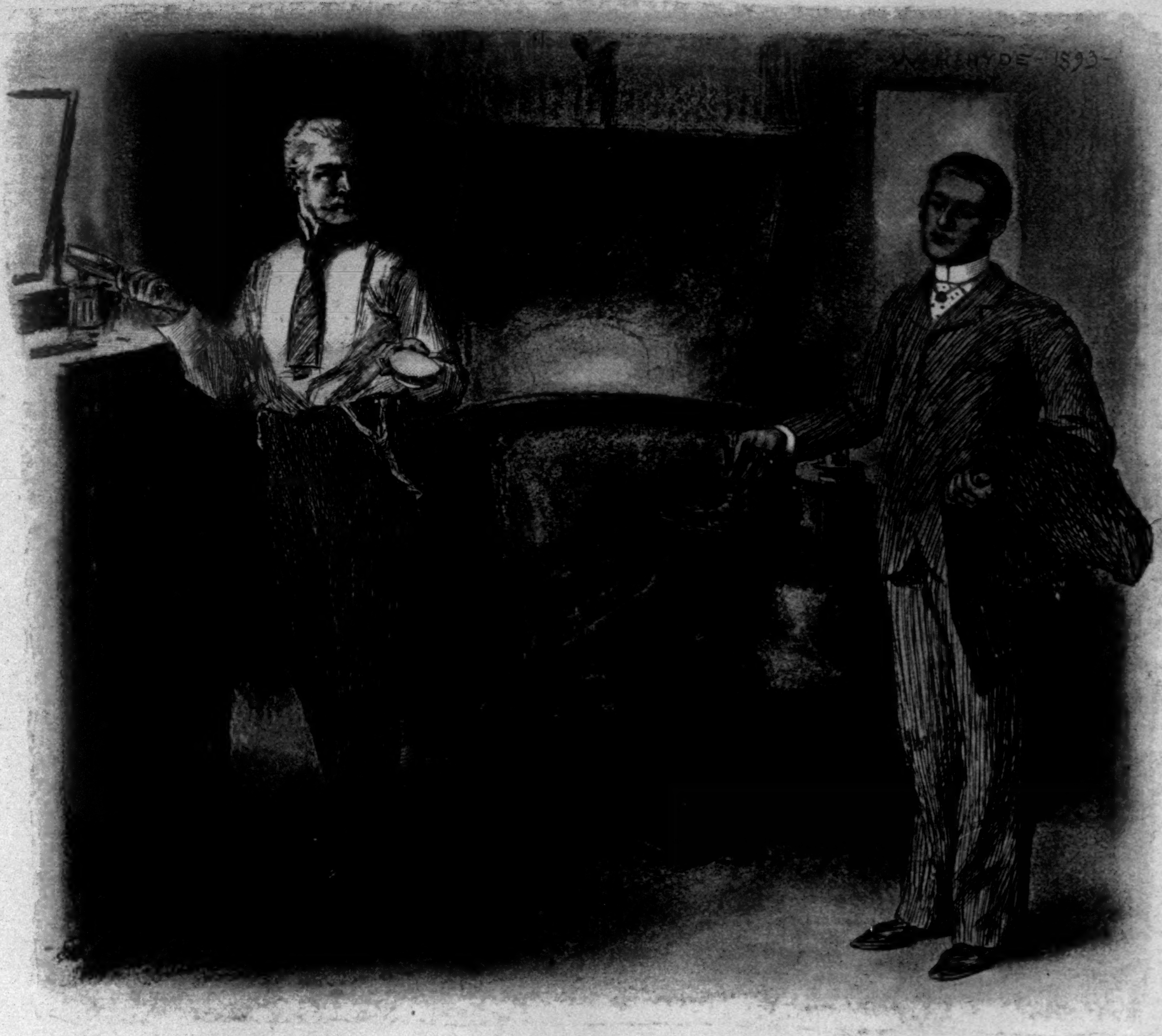
I sent Hippolyte to the Villa Constance next morning to clean Madame de Sebenwald's rings, as I had told her that I would do. And he was evidently very much impressed by the daintiness of her little belongings. He came back to me quite flushed with enthusiasm. The *femme de chambre* of Madame la Baronne had been very much pleased to be taught the little trick of cleaning the *repoussé* toilet battery of madame, and madame had never known before that mounted brilliants should be boiled from time to time. And Madame la Baronne had been *gentille*, "Ah, pour gentille, on peut bien dire qu'elle est gentille!"

It further appeared that the Obliged Lady had offered the Pattern of Servants (all Hippolyte's impressions took an Oriental cast) a present of a Piece of Gold, the which had been Respectfully Refused, upon the ground that the Mighty Potentate, whose Slave and Thing the Boiler of Diamonds was, had wished to make the Rose of Beauty a gift and present of the services of his Admirable Artificer. And then there had been discovered, under the trays of a jewel-case (where all manner of worthless rubbish always seems to hide itself), a useless morsel of Venetian chain, attached to an absurd old goggling eye-glass, and this Hippolyte had permitted Madame la Baronne to force upon him as a token of her approbation of his necromantic stewings and fryings. And he trusted that monsieur would understand that he could not have well declined a recompense so purely honorific. All this was very well for me to learn, but when Hippolyte attempted to dilate upon the incredible number of little jewelled flagons which stood upon the lady's toilet table, and upon the surpassing beauty of her *chevelure*, as she sat drying it in the morning sun, it became necessary to repress him. I suppose the poor lad had never seen a lady in so intimate a guise before. The simple decency and comfort of my own appurtenances and manner of life had been to him, when he first came to me, a marvel of magnificence. And the delicate confusion and warm perfume of a woman's room, at such a time of day, must indeed have been a revelation to his untutored senses.

At about eleven, when all the world of Monte Carlo suns itself upon the terrace, pleasingly entertained by the screams and roars of the trains which pass beneath, and the repeated gunshots on the pigeon-ground, I found Madame de Sebenwald in search of Ledyard.

"I thought I should be sure to find him here," she said, "and he is always so kind and nice that I wanted him to do something for me. I entered my little toy terrier Goliath for the dog show at the Condamine, and he was there all day yesterday. I don't see why I should have to leave him there again to-day and to-morrow. The judges looked at all the dogs yesterday. There are only sixty-nine entries, you see, and they have announced that there will be seventy-five prizes. I entered poor Goliath because I thought that he would be so pleased and proud if he could get a prize, and I suppose he will have the prize now whether he stays or not. You see, they charge you half a louis when you enter your dog, and a louis for the cost of the medal when he gets a prize, so by giving all the dogs prizes, and a few of the dogs two prizes each, everybody is pleased, and they make a very good thing out of it. So, I fancy, they won't make me leave him there to-day if I tell them he is tired. But Mr. Ledyard is so clever, and they all have such a respect for him, whether they understand what he says or not, that I thought I would ask him to walk down there with me. It's a pleasant stroll from here, and when one is coming up the hill again one can talk tremendously fast, and try to be too much interested to notice that it is a climb."

"My French," I replied, "is not perhaps quite so remarkably constructed and so ornately decorated as his, and I am afraid I lack his splendid fierceness of manner. But I incline to believe that even without his assistance we can persuade those grim functionaries to let you keep the terrier at home, without losing the privilege of paying them a louis for a silver five-franc piece with the name of your



"ONE MORNING HE PRESENTED HIMSELF IN AN INFAMOUS CRAVAT OF WHITE SATIN."

dog engraved upon it. My own experience has been that Englishmen can't get anything out of Frenchmen by bullying them. As soon as you rub their fur the wrong way they become so excited, and they so jabber and sputter, that you can't reason with them. It is for that reason that the police all over France have to be so arbitrary and so rough. If they let a man whom they are about to arrest try to explain that he is innocent, he makes such a noise about it that he breeds a riot."

"The French are very tiresome in a great many ways," said the Baronne. "I am sure that I should like English life much better."

"English society," said I, "is very like a little green oasis with a lot of hot, disgusting sand on every side. If you once get under the trees you have an uncommonly jolly time of it, but as your chief occupation and amusement is trying to keep other people from getting in, there are a good many left out on the bare sands, and that isn't so funny. I know an old fellow who belongs to three or four of the best clubs in London, and who makes no bones about saying that he blackballs every man who is put up for any of them. 'I'm in,' he says, 'and the harder it is for the other chaps to get in, the more satisfaction I take out of being in myself.' And I fancy that a good part of the British pride and exclusiveness that people talk so much about rests upon the same foundation."

"English people are pleasant enough when they are here," said Madame de Sebenwald.

"Yes," said I, "because they have left their doctors and parsons and officious friends behind them, and are eating what they please every night, and doing what they please Sunday morning, and giving their morals a general holiday. So, of course, they are good-natured. We should all be good-natured, all the year round, if we didn't have to take care of ourselves, and try to do our duty in the station of life to which we have been called, and the rest of it. Everybody is more or less a slave, one way or another. I knew a man once who devoted a number of years to a laborious attempt to completely eradicate from his nature all sense of right and wrong, and all sense of shame. He spent the five fortunes of his sisters, for whom he was trustee, and railed against Heaven for not having blessed him with a sixth sister; he was caught cheating at cards, and seemed, rather delighted than otherwise, when people wouldn't speak to him. Take it all around, he enjoyed about as absolute a liberty as any man can, and still kept out of the hands of the police. And then, when he had saved up his ill-gotten gains, he began collecting Louis XVI. clocks, and became such a slave to the habit that he barks like a dog when the Cluny collection is mentioned in his presence, and rolls on the floor when he thinks of the clocks at South Kensington. It's a queer world."

"This is a very bright corner of it, at any rate," said the Baronne.

"That it is," said I. "The days slip by one after another, and there is every day some new story about the tables, and every day pretty women and smart gowns one hasn't seen before. And the best of it all is that you go to bed early, and it's one of the very few places in the world where you do that. A month from now, or two months from now, you and I will probably be where we are now, and you will have won a little on a lucky Tuesday, and lost it on a cruel Wednesday, and won it back again, and lost it back again, and we shall none of us be much the richer, or much the poorer, or much the better, or much the worse in any way."

Prophecy is but a poor exercise of the imagination when matters of play are at issue, for the next twenty-four hours were to witness one of the most remarkable exhibitions of gambler's folly in my experience at Monte Carlo. I strolled into the rooms the next day after breakfast, and saw Madame de Sebenwald sitting at one of the *trente et quarante* tables, playing maximums. She lost three *coups* running, a total of thirty-six thousand francs, obstinately backing her belief that a run upon one color was not likely to continue. And this is beyond any doubt the maddest form the gambling fever ever takes. The third *coup* I saw her lose left her with only one five-hundred-franc note before her, and this she put upon the red, and lost again. It was all infinitely silly; and it is my belief, grounded upon some knowledge of the course of life at Monte Carlo, that any young and pretty woman who plays high risks more than her money, and is apt to forget more sorts of prudence than the mere sense of caution about francs and centimes. I liked the Baronne, if I didn't approve of her, and I was sorry to see her launched upon so dangerous a tide. But to give her her due, she had rare pluck for a woman. Her mind had, of course, suffered that strange loss of balance which a succession of heavy losses seems almost invariably to produce, but outwardly she was as cool as you please. I have seen a notorious English money-lender, who is said to be one of the few men the administration really fears, lose four and five hundred thousand francs at a sitting, and rise from the table without a twitch of his knowing old face. And the Baronne was, to all appearances, as unmoved as this giant among players could have been. As I approached her with some purpose of tardy remonstrance and useless consolation, she said: "*Le voilà parti!* All my winnings are gone," and she smiled as prettily as if she had only mislaid a glove.

"At any rate," said I, "don't be foolish enough to come back to-day."

"That is certainly good advice," she said, and left the rooms.

I saw Ledyard at another table, and went to see what he was doing. He hit a little run upon the red, then lost it all, and with only a few louis in his pocket went over to the roulette, the last resort of every player out of luck. After fiddling about for a few *coups*, he put three louis on the thirty-two, *en plein*, and won. This good luck flushed him, as good fortune always does, and for the next few *coups* he had gold pieces all over the last half-dozen. In a half-hour he had, after making several tidy winnings, lost it all again; and we went back to the *trente et quarante* room where the Baronne had been, half fearing that we should find she had been to the bankers to draw money, and returned to fight against a bad day. And there she was. She must have come to Monte Carlo with the determination sooner or later to risk all she had, in the hope of making a winning that would not only supply her with the funds necessary to make her voyage around the world, but leave her with a little income afterwards. Ignorant, apparently, of the familiar truth that it is fatal to attack the tables with too much capital behind you, she had at least two hundred bank-notes of a thousand francs in front of her, and it was evident from the close attention of the croupiers, and the presence of a knot of spectators about her chair, that a battle royal was in progress.

"Go and tell her not to be such a fool," I said to Ledyard. "From the way she talked to me the other day, I don't believe she has much more than that in the world."

"I'll try," said Ledyard, "but it's no use; I've been there myself. She'll only swear, when it's all over, that my speaking to her cut her luck."

"Never mind," said I, "you can stand it. Somebody ought to speak to her, and you know her better than I do."

I followed Ledyard as he elbowed his way to her chair, and heard her, in reply to his whispered expostulations, say, in a hard, strained voice: "Je vous prie, monsieur, ne me dérangez pas."

"There!" said Ledyard, when we got out of the crowd again; "I knew I'd be jolly well snubbed for my pains."

"It makes me sick," said I, "to see her making such an idiot of herself. It's all very well for a man; if he is an ass nobody suffers for it, unless he has a family. And a man can always do something for a living if he comes a cropper. But it's awful for a woman who has no one to look after her to lose her money that way. It sickens me. Let's walk over to Cap Martin. It 'll do us both good, and if we stay here she'll swear we flurried her."

I went to my hotel to get a stick, and then Ledyard and I followed the white, sunny road to the pleasant grove of pines, and asked Tournielli's wife to give us a cup of tea. It was very pleasant to get away from the stir and glare of life at Monte Carlo for an hour, and to see the little Tourniellis teasing their puppies and ponies. The happy, boisterous mirth of children always warms my heart when I know that I shall not see them again for a month or two.

VIII.

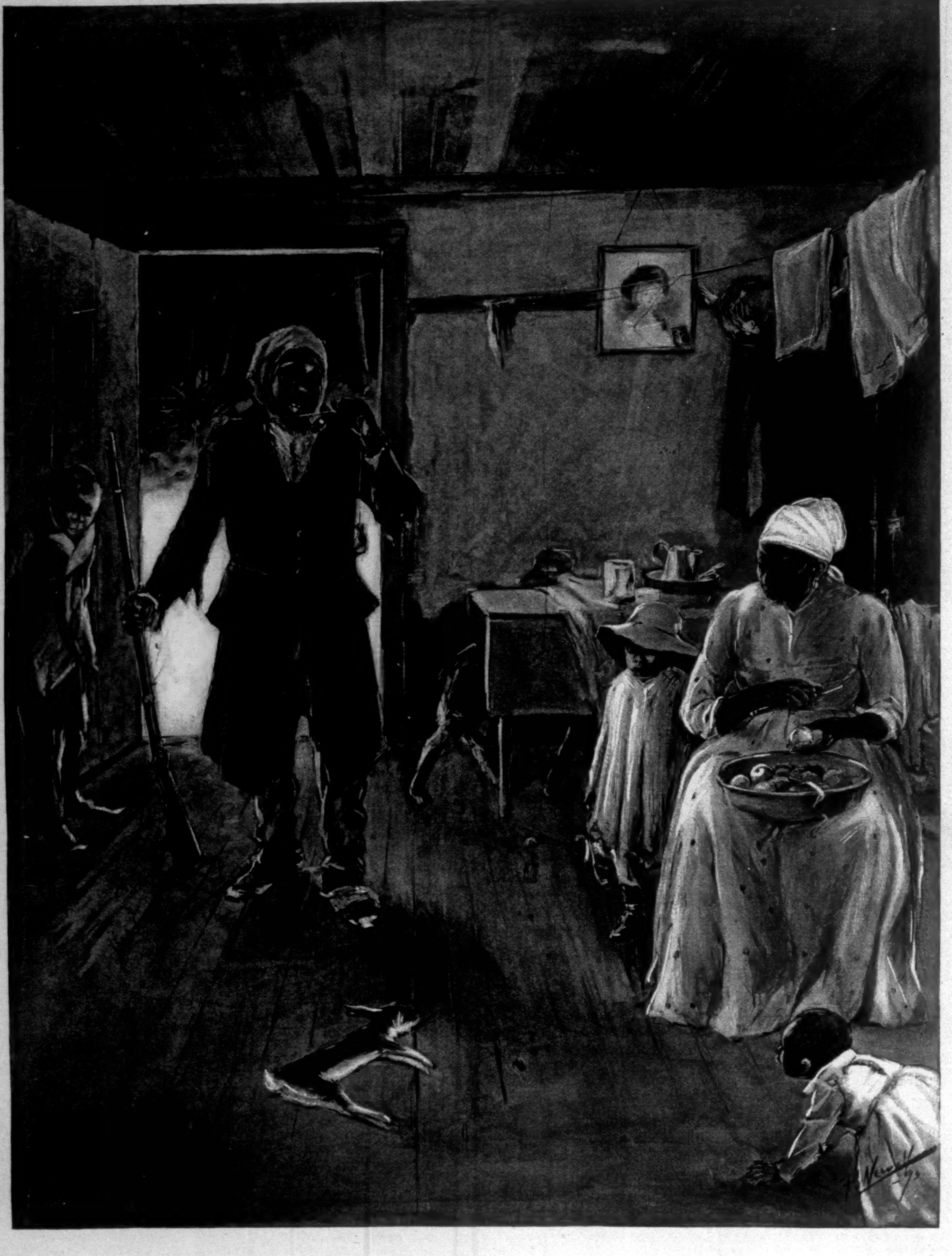
When Ledyard and I returned from our long walk to Cap Martin, we went into Ciro's to drink a whiskey and soda, and there we found Montgoublin, who told us that the Baronne had indeed come to grief.

"She was simply mad about it," he said, "and she hardly won a single *coup*. When it was all over she walked out of the rooms looking so white that I went up stairs and told the head man he had better send one of his people to the Villa Constance to tell her maid to keep an eye on her. She looked like doing herself a mischief, if ever anybody did."

I thought, and Ledyard with me, that we ought to go and leave a card upon her, although, no doubt, she would not want to see us. It isn't easy to know just what to do in such a case. People who have come to grief don't want to be troubled by officious friends, and yet it seems heartless not to make some show of interest.

We were neither of us sorry when her maid told us that she was lying down and had left orders not to be disturbed, for I don't think either of us would have known just what to say if we had seen her.

I was dining at a house upon the upper hill that night, where there was whist after dinner. But I met Montgou-



"NO CHRISTMAS TURKEY DIS YEAH!"—Drawn by P. S. Newell.

blin on my way back to the hotel, and he told me he had heard no news from the Villa Constance. So it seemed pretty clear that if Madame de Sebenwald had made any desperate resolution she had at any rate not attempted to carry it out that night. People who like to know everything that is going on are sure, at Monte Carlo, that if they have heard no news there has been no news to hear; for all the world is so continually rubbing shoulders in the little place that every tale worth carrying is told within an hour.

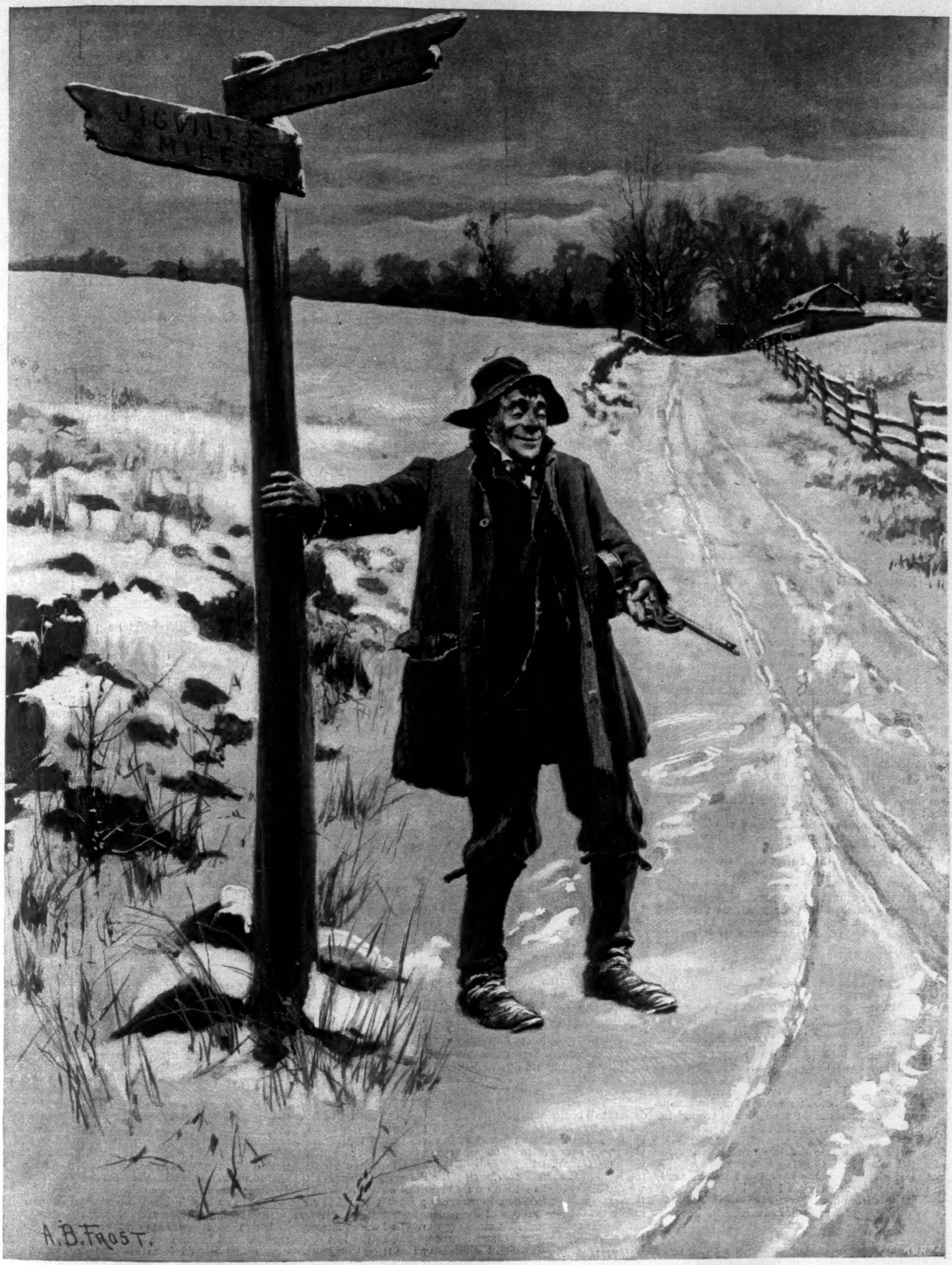
"It's been a big day all around," said Montgoublin, "wonderfully high play for so early in the season. There was a young fellow, a Neapolitan, some one said, who came into the rooms just after dinner and put down a louis on the black. I didn't see it, but the fellows who were there say that he didn't seem to have ever played before. It seems that he let his louis run for a series of ten blacks, and then complained because the croupiers wouldn't let him leave on more than a maximum. At any rate he seemed to think that what they wanted him to do was to move his money over to the red, and he hit five maximums there, and after losing one switched back to the black. The end of it all was that he got a hundred and fifty thousand francs, they say. I suppose it's one of those beastly little Jews."

"I wish it had been the Baronne instead," said I, and went home to my hotel with rather a heavy heart. I hate to see people I know get into trouble. I fancy it's partly because I know they generally ask one to help them out again, and partly because they are not good company when they are in the blues. How much of a more humane leaven there may be in my regret I don't pretend to say, but at any rate such disasters always make me dismal.

The day's surprises were not over yet. I found a note for me at the hotel from Ledyard enclosing a few lines in French from the Baronne to him.

"*Je ne sais pas comment j'ose m'addresser à vous, cher Monsieur,*" her note ran, "*mais je suis désesperée. J'ai perdu, avec une folie à peu près incroyable, mon dernier sou. Il me reste de m'en aller à Vienne chez des parents là bas, qui m'aideraient, sans doute, d'une façon ou d'autre, mais toujours avec d'assez mauvaise grâce. D'abord il faut que j'acquitte ma semaine à la Villa, et que j'aie mes frais de voyage. Pourriez-vous me prêter deux cent louis? Si je ne puis pas trouver de l'argent autrement, je sacrifierais mes bijous à Vienne plutôt que de les vendre ici, ce qui me ferait une grande perte, et des désagréments que vous concevrez bien.*

"ALIXE DE SEBENWALD."



THE REASON WHY THEY HAD NO MUSIC FOR THE CHRISTMAS DANCE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Ledyard had passed on this appeal to me: "I'm awfully sorry for the poor child," he wrote. "But she might as well ask me for two hundred moons as for two hundred louis. I haven't but about eighty in the world to pull me through till-quarter-day. If you are ass enough to want to help her out, you might tell her that I had intimated to you t she was in some temporary want of funds, after her l day."

It was altogether very disagreeable. If she had written me instead of Ledyard, I didn't see how I could have ry well said no; and I felt the more kindly disposed vards her that she had not done so. For, after all, she ew him but little better than she knew me, and, if she uld make up her mind to ask either of us, I thought I s very lucky that she had not pitched on me. It seemed be going a little out of my way to offer to lend her the money. If I wanted to be very chivalrous about it I could give Ledyard the four thousand francs, and let him lend it to her, without her knowing that any one else knew she had asked him for it. But, after all, a hundred and sixty pounds is a good deal of money. According to her own story, as I remembered it, her people in Vienna were not very near relations, and if they didn't help her, and she had to sell her jewelry and go out as a governess, I might or might not get my money back. So far as fifty pounds went, I thought I would be willing to stand that, but at a place like Monte Carlo, where everybody you know is always getting into a hole, a man has to learn not to be too kind-hearted. My general rule is that any man I'll bow to, I'll lend ten pounds to. I'm not a poor man, any more than I'm a rich man. I have what people call a decent income. But I know plenty of things that cost a hundred and sixty pounds that I would like to have, and that I do without. Altogether, I thought I would let the letters lie till morning, and sleep over it. If she hadn't killed herself already I didn't think she would get up in the night to do it, and her note to Ledyard did not impress me as having been written by a woman who was likely to proceed to extremities. And I was making myself ready for bed, when Hippolyte came into the room. I never made him sit up for me at night, because I think that if you expect your man to be up early in the morning, so as to do your boots and all that sort of thing before you ring for your bath, you ought to let him get to bed in good time. So I was rather surprised to see him, and not too well pleased to see that he looked flushed and excited. It was a pretty business, I thought, if he was going to begin drinking just as I had him well broken in. I asked him rather sharply what he wanted.

"I have come," he said, "to say to monsieur that I have been to the Casino this evening."

"You did very wrong, then," said I. "You know that it's against the rules for servants to go there, and you had no business to go to such a place, whether there was any rule or not. I wonder they let you in."

"Monsieur will imagine," said Hippolyte, "that when I asked for my admission-card I did not say that I was a servant."

"Then you must have told them a lie, for they always make a man state his position in life when he applies for a card. I suppose you have lost all your savings, and it serves you quite right. If you go on playing such tricks I shall discharge you one of these fine mornings, and then you'll wish you had put something by to fall back upon. Now don't bother me any more, for I want to go to bed."

"I beg monsieur's pardon," rejoined Hippolyte, with a quiet little air of satisfaction, "but if monsieur should see fit to give me my *congé*, even to-night, I should have something to fall back upon. I have a hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred and sixty francs, fifty centimes."

"A hundred and thirty-four thousand fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed. "You've been drinking, Hippolyte, that's what you've been doing."

"Monsieur will permit me to say that I never drink anything except at the table, and then wine cut with water," replied Hippolyte, "and I have this moment counted the money."

And without any air of braggadocio, he produced from his pockets an enormous roll of notes and a handful of loose gold.

I was fairly staggered at this, and then I remembered Montgoublin's story of the man who had made a big winning just before the rooms closed, and saw that the supposed Neapolitan must have been Hippolyte.

"Very well," said I, "you ought not to have gone to the rooms; but as you did go, I suppose I should be glad you had such good luck. Of course you don't want to continue to be a servant, when you have as much money as that, and if you take my advice you'll ask the hotel people to put it in the safe for you to-night, and swear on the crucifix never to gamble for a sou again as long as you live."

"Oui, monsieur. Soyez tranquille, monsieur. Cela n'arriverait plus," said Hippolyte, with his accustomed docility. "But monsieur will need me until he has had time to find some one else. And if monsieur could not find a servant here, I would stay with monsieur till he returns to Paris."

I thought this very decent of the lad, and told him so, and then I sent him away, and composed myself to sleep. But all these extravagant adventures had upset my nerves a little, and, although I wished Hippolyte well, and was glad that he should have a chance to better himself in life, I was nevertheless a good deal more put out at the prospect of having to teach a new man my ways than at Alixe de Sebenwald's misfortunes. Hippolyte had been, after all, very well off as he was, and would probably put his money into a shop and lose it all; whereas, if she had struck his luck instead of hers, she would have been happy and smiling, as I like a pretty woman to be.

I read more than half of a tedious French novel before I could sleep, and in the morning it was an hour or two later than my wonted time before I rang for Hippolyte. He had put my drawing-room in order, and brought in my boots and clothes as usual. His quiet, neat way of moving about a room seemed very pleasant, as I thought how soon I was about to lose him. And I really felt quite an affection for him as I asked him what the weather was.

"Monsieur will find it a little cooler than yesterday, but quite fine," he replied. "And here is a letter for monsieur."

While he went to fetch the water for my bath, I opened the note, and fairly began to think that all the world had gone mad. It was from the Baronne, and was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot write your English, but you will see that I am so touched by your goodness that the French is too cold. You are so generous at me I can say nothing. You send me your relief without a word, and I have no words. I will not rest at Monte Carlo. I will take the train before the play begins to-day, that I will be sure not to be again foolish, and will let my aunt and my maid come later carrying the trunks. *Dieu vous bénisse! J'ai le cœur plein de votre bonté.*

ALIXE DE SEBENWALD."

"Ledyard," thought I, "must have found the two hundred louis for her somewhere else, and she got some muddling idea in her head that it had come from me. I suppose he told her he didn't have the money himself, and she thought I had let him have it for her. I must write and tell her she is wrong, but I'm not sorry she's clear away." With this sage reflection I betook myself to my tub, and after I had disposed of my tea and toast I walked around to Ledyard's rooms. He was already out, and I found him on the terrace.

"What on earth is Madame de Sebenwald writing to thank me for?" I asked him, showing him her letter. "I got your note last night, enclosing hers, but I waited until morning to make up my mind what I had better do about it, and now I get this from her."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Ledyard. "I haven't done anything about it. You might go to the Villa Constance and ask her aunt."

"Madame the aunt was engaged in making her preparations for departure," the Baronne's maid informed me, and I told the woman that I had received a note from Madame la Baronne concerning which I wished to communicate with her at once, as, although its envelope had been addressed to me, it was evidently intended for some one else.

"I will take to Vienna any letter monsieur desires to send to Madame la Baronne, but as for the note which monsieur received this morning, I took it to the hotel myself; and it was in reply to a letter monsieur's servant had left for madame a few moments before."

I left the Villa growling to myself at the stupidity of the woman, who had evidently mistaken some one else's servant for mine, and met old Tournielli. He greeted me with a quizzical look on his face and said:

"You couldn't give me a few million francs this morning, could you?"

"I believe you're as mad as all the rest of them," said I. "What are you talking about?"

"It is only that the Baronne Alixe, whom I have just put on the train, tells me you are playing Monte Cristo to everybody, and I might as well have my share of the Treasures of the Island."

"My dear Tournielli," said I, taking his arm and drawing him over into the garden, "will you be good enough to tell me precisely what you mean?"

"I mean," said he, "if I must be so categorical, that Madame de Sebenwald told me, not half an hour ago, that you had been so moved by her ill fortune that you sent her more than half the amount she lost yesterday, and sent it enclosed in a huge envelope without a word. And I mean also to say that I am not quite sure whether you are a very much richer man than I had supposed, or whether my little friend Alixe has quite turned your head."

"Tournielli," said I, very seriously, "you will be good enough to accept my explicit assurance that I have never, either directly or indirectly, given or sent to Madame de Sebenwald one single sou, that she has never asked me for a sou, and that you, or she, or both of you, are under some extraordinary delusion. And you will also, I hope, be good enough to never repeat one word of this farrago of nonsense to any one. You and I are old friends, and you can see that a story which, if it were true, would place both the lady and myself in a position of some delicacy in the eyes of the world, is the more offensive to me when it is without foundation."

I left him there, staring bewildered at a cactus, and went to my rooms, where I found Hippolyte counting my things for the wash. As I walked into the room, he said:

"If monsieur will retain me in his service I should be grateful. I have lost the money."

"Lost the money!" I exclaimed. "The rooms were closed when I saw you last night, and they haven't opened yet to-day."

"I have lost it," said Hippolyte. And then repeated, quietly: "Oui, je l'ai tout perdu."

And that was the last word which ever passed between us on the subject.

IX.

After the departure of Madame de Sebenwald, life at Monte Carlo resumed its wonted course, and, although the season had on the whole been a very pleasant one, I was not sorry when the warmer weather of the early part of April called me back to Paris. I think those of us who lead a migratory life are almost as glad to return to the North in the spring as we are to leave it in the autumn. The smiling face of the Riviera sky becomes a hard-set grin, and one longs for the familiar sights and familiar faces of Paris, of which one had been so consummately weary only a few months before.

And more than all I was glad to get back to my clubs, to see once more the great easy-chairs, and to hear the gossip of the men who know all the latest *potins* the day before they reach the ears of the world at large. My hack had wintered excellently, and the leafy alleys of the Bois seemed very delightful after the hot sun of Monte Carlo.

Of the Baronne I had heard nothing more. I had written, in as few words as possible, to tell her that the money had not come from me, and let the matter rest at that. To the repeated questions of Ledyard and Montgoublin I had simply replied that I had not lent her a sou, and that it did not seem to me to lie within our purview to make any conjectures as to the source of the deliverance she had found. I had said to myself at Monte Carlo, when Ledyard had asked me to assist her, that if I liked her I did not at any rate approve of her, and now I began to doubt whether I had even liked her. At all events she had now passed out of the narrow limits within which my simple life is spent, and I make and lose too many pleasant acquaintances every year to be seriously concerned about those who have betaken themselves to other fields.

It was in this agreeable condition of entire satisfaction with myself and my environment that I passed the first few weeks after my return from Monte Carlo; and then it became necessary to decide whether I was going out of town for the first of May. There were disquieting rumors in the air. It is the agreeable habit of the working-men of Paris to celebrate "Labor day" by not doing any labor at all, and by making themselves as unpleasant as they possibly can. Sometimes there is dynamite; and dynamite is not a pretty thing. And, apart from the possibility that when you cross the Boulevard on the way to your May-day breakfast you may find yourself between a mob of rioters on the one side and a squadron of the Garde Républicaine on the other, there is another excellent reason for passing the day out of town. When the streets of Paris are not watered, the whole city is enveloped in a cloud of dust. And when the municipal authorities anticipate trouble they leave the streets unwatered, partly because cavalry can work to better advantage when the asphalt is not slippery, and partly because the choking dust tends to drive the disorderly classes into the wine-shops, where their enthusiasm expends itself in drinking beer instead of in breaking windows. It lessens, too, the throng of mere spectators who on all such occasions greatly hamper the police in their endeavors to control the enemies of public order. And it is, plainly enough, a prudent man's business to keep out of the streets at such a time.

But when Ledyard and I discussed the matter the night before Labor day, we arrived at the conclusion that there was nowhere out of town to go. One of the clubs to which we both belonged had a long balcony on the floor above the level of the street overlooking the Place de l'Opéra, and we finally decided that we would breakfast at this club and pass away the afternoon in watching from this point of safety the demonstrations of the malcontent.

All the newspapers that morning were filled with more or less alarming prophecies, and all recounted, to the last detail, the precautions which the ministry had tried to take as secretly as possible. There were, according to these accounts, large bodies of troops posted in ambush everywhere about the quarter. The court-yards of all the public buildings had been occupied by soldiery the night before, and at the first alarm the Boulevard and the neighboring streets would be completely cleared.

At about two o'clock, when we had finished breakfast and taken our places on the balcony, the Place was thronged with poorly dressed people, of whom lads not over twenty years of age seemed to form the greater number. They seemed well enough disposed, but the police had some trouble to keep them moving, and shrill cries of "*Circulez!*" arose on every side. There was no attempt on the part of the mob to mass its numbers in any sort of order, but there was an evident, and apparently a preconcerted, disposition to impede, rather than to resist, the efforts of the police to prevent a stoppage of street traffic. Arrests were frequent. If a man did not move on when the police told him to do so he was immediately marched off between two gendarmes. And the captures thus made became every moment more numerous. There seemed to be no anger and no violence on either side. The police did their work sharply and brusquely, but without, so far as we could see, anything that could be called brutality. Nor were there, as yet, any attempts on the part of the mob to rescue the prisoners captured. Now and then the crowd would obstruct the passage of the police towards the post where they were conducting their prisoners, but even this attempt to embarrass them in the performance of their functions seemed to be more by way of horse-play than by way of serious disorder. One man would push another in front of the gendarmes so as to block their way for a moment, rather than get in their path himself. On the whole, it began to seem as if the day would pass without any great trouble.

But when we had been upon the balcony about an hour, there began to be a perceptible change in the attitude of both the police and the mob. Each arrest made entailed a dozen others, for the prisoners began to cry to their friends for assistance, and the latter would push about the police until it became necessary to arrest them in turn. The throng, too, kept pouring in through all the channels which converge at this central point of the city, and it became clear that the Garde Républicaine would have to be employed. This body of cavalry, which performs in the streets and parks of Paris the functions of mounted police rather than of soldiery, has a very summary fashion of riding over mobs. And at its first charge the broad open space was cleared alike of gendarmes and of rioters, all of whom fled helter-skelter from under the horses' hoofs. For perhaps twenty minutes the Place was quiet, and then the gendarmes proved unequal to the task of holding the streams of men pent in the streets, and for a moment the Place de l'Opéra was again a sea of struggling people. Then there came another charge, and then another interval of quiet.

"That is all there is of it, now," I said to Ledyard. "These fellows don't mean fighting. We may as well go in and play at pool *écarté*."

"I don't see it," said Ledyard. "Every few minutes there'll be a noise in the streets, and then every man Jack at the table will be jumping up from his chair and flying madly through the window, and there'll be such a beastly confusion that no one will know whether a king has been marked or not."

"As you like," said I; "but I don't want to stay here all night."

"I don't suppose you do," said Ledyard, "but you had better dine here, and then go home quietly in the evening. At nine or ten o'clock these idiots will have had enough of it, and the streets will be clear."

"That's all very well," said I, "but I want to dress before dinner. I'm all over dust and filth here, and I'm going to look in at a reception in the Avenue Kleber after dinner, so I must dress."

"Then you had better send a man for your things," said Ledyard, "and dress here. You don't want to be pushed about among these dirty wretches; and if you're going to do it, you had better do it now, for it may be worse towards dinner-time, and then he won't be able to get through."

I thought this was a good suggestion, and I sent one of the club *commissionnaires* to my apartment to tell Hippolyte to bring over my dressing-bag with the things I needed. The man had to wait at the door nearly half an hour before he could cross to the Boulevard des Capucines, and then we watched to see how Hippolyte would succeed in crossing when he came. I knew that when the gendarmes saw him carrying a bag they would help him make his way through the crowd, and I knew, too, that he was not the sort of lad to get into trouble. While we were watching for him a cab appeared from the direction of the Gare du Nord, laden with luggage, and stood blocked at the mouth of the Boulevard des Italiens, unable to cross the Place. Ledyard, whose eyes are very keen, said:

"Do you see the initials on those trunks?"

I could not make them out myself, and he said:

"The things are marked 'A. de S.' I wonder if it's our friend the Baronne Alixe?"

As he spoke a lady put her head out of the cab window and called to the driver to try to make his way across the Place. It was Alixe de Sebenwald.

At this moment a man standing at the corner of the Rue de la Paix got into a scuffle with a gendarme who was trying to arrest him, and the free fight which resulted called down another charge of the cavalry. When they had cleared the Place, a policeman told the driver of the Baronne's cab to cross while he could. But the horse, frightened by the tumult, reared and balked.

Just then Hippolyte appeared at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines with my bag in his hand, and, seeing that it was a favorable opportunity, made a run for it to get to the club door.

Suddenly a man in the front rank of the crowd stooped, and with a long sweep of his arm, such as one uses in his delivery at bowls, sent a round black kettle whirling through the air towards a group of some hundred gendarmes who stood massed together near the cab. I heard the cry, "It's a bomb!" Hippolyte heard it too, and, dropping my bag, stared at the black object as it rolled towards the gendarmes. It caromed against the curb of one of the little refuges in the middle of the Place, and, its course deflected like that of a billiard ball which has touched a cushion, rolled towards the cab instead of towards the gendarmes. It struck the rim of one of the wheels and stopped.

I could see the fuse smoking.

The Baronne saw it, and cried: "Mon Dieu, la dynamite!"

And then I saw Hippolyte run towards the cab. He stooped, and I could see him fumbling with the bomb. The driver had leaped from his seat, and he and all the gendarmes were running for their lives.

A man beside me on the balcony, quicker witted than I, cried to Hippolyte: "Pull out the fuse!" And I heard Hippolyte, not thirty feet away from us, answer: "*C'est trop tard!*" The fuse had burned so nearly to the iron that he could not get hold of it.

He picked up the bomb, and holding it in his two hands, poised at his shoulder, started to run as if to gather impetus to fling it farther from him. While he was still holding it, and when he was about a rod from the cab, his foot slipped on the pavement, and he fell full length upon the bomb, lying like a football player on a ball.

And then the explosion came.

I ran from the balcony to the stairway, and as I pushed my way to where I had seen him fall, I said to a rough-looking fellow who was in my path: "Let me pass! He is my servant!"

The man stared at me a moment.

"No, *bourgeois*, he is no one's servant now."

It was true. I had lost Hippolyte, there in Paris where I had found him. And all so recently that it is almost an indelicacy to talk about him.

THE END.

BISHOP LYMAN.

The Right Reverend Theodore Benedict Lyman, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, died suddenly at his home in Raleigh on Wednesday, December 13th. Bishop Lyman was born in Brighton, Massachusetts, on November 27, 1815, and graduating from Hamilton College in 1837, entered the General Theological Seminary at New York. He was ordained deacon in 1840 by Bishop Whittingham at Christ Church, Baltimore, and a year later was admitted to the priesthood. St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Maryland, was his first charge, which he retained for ten years. In 1850 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and in 1860 went to Europe. The American Church in Florence, and the American Chapel, now known as St. Paul's Church, in Rome, were established during his residence abroad, largely owing to his earnest efforts. While still in Europe he was elected Dean of the General Theological Seminary, but declined the position, and returning to the United States in 1870, became rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco. Three years later he was elected Assistant Bishop of North Carolina, and succeeded to the sole bishopric upon the death of Bishop Atkinson in 1883. He assumed charge of the American Episcopal churches in Europe in 1882.

Bishop Lyman was very widely known, and as widely loved, for where he went he made countless friends. He was a hard worker, a man of strength and determination, as forcible in the pulpit as in his labors. In his diocese he was exceedingly popular, and his labors for the advancement of his people were unceasing. Bishop Lyman up to the time of his death was a man of vigor, giving no indication of his advanced age, and the news of his sudden decease was a shock to his many friends. He was twice married, his first wife having been Miss Anna Albert, of Baltimore, by whom he had several children. Less than a year ago his second marriage took place to Miss Susan Roberts, of Fletcher, North Carolina.

THE NEW ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF WAR.

President Cleveland and Secretary Lamont have turned their eyes towards the West in looking for a successor to General Grant, the able Assistant-Secretary of War, who recently resigned his position. Their choice is a comparatively young man, Joseph Bodwell Doe, of Wisconsin. The new official, who is really the chief executive officer of the War Department, has been for the past three years the head of the State militia of Wisconsin, having been appointed by Governor Peck to the position of Brigadier-General three years ago. He is a lawyer by profession, and is a forceful and eloquent orator, a man of fine executive ability, and of pleasing and attractive personality. He is thirty-eight years of age, but is extremely youthful in appearance, and might easily pass for a man of twenty-five. A small stature, with thin features, and a little light mustache also add to his boyish appearance. General Doe was born in Janesville, Wisconsin, where he has spent nearly all of his life, on March 8, 1855. He graduated from Racine College in 1874, and two years later began the practice of law in his native city. He is a student, and by close application to business has worked his way to the front rank of his profession. He became connected with the National Guard as a private in a Janesville company in 1878, and has steadily worked his way up through the ranks, until he is now on next to the top round in the whole War Department. His administration of the military affairs of Wisconsin has been admirable, and he assumes the duties of his new and responsible position with the brightest of prospects.

George H. Yenowine.

JAMES R. SOVEREIGN.

The new General Master-Workman of the Knights of Labor has work ahead of him. He succeeds T. V. Powderly as the head of a labor organization that once numbered over one million members, but through factional disruptions now numbers about seventy thousand. Mr. Sovereign seems confident of restoring the former prestige, and arresting the decay of the organization. With Western energy and indomitable courage he has undertaken this difficult task. The General Master-Workman was born in Cassville, Wisconsin, about forty years ago; he has been, by turns, a cowboy, a farm hand, a marble-cutter, an editor, and a politician, but has always taken an active interest in the subject of organized labor. His opinions on the question of strikes are enough to stamp him as a man of individuality and force; he is against them on all principles, believes in the efficacy of the ballot as a redresser of wrongs, is in favor of the arbitration of all disputes between capital and labor before striking, and he holds sound views on the tariff question.

Mr. Sovereign is thoroughly *en rapport* with the subject of labor unions, and their histories, uses, and desires. He was appointed State Labor Statistician by Governor Boies, of Iowa, a position that he held at the time of his election to the chair of the Knights of Labor. It will require a man of great power and determination to retrieve the fallen fortunes of this once-powerful organization, and to quell the tendency it has had heretofore to internal strife. The new leader's character is one that may well warrant belief in his capability. He is a good speaker, has a dignified quiet manner, and a strong convincing personality.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

The revolution in the Brazils, which has now been in progress for some months, appears to be conducted upon a warlike plane that is at once easy-going, pleasant, and devoid of those unseemly horrors that mark the contests of their more pugnacious and energetic Spanish-American neighbors. The contest in Rio Janeiro seems to be as gay and spectacular as a militia sham battle, and though the guns are shotted, the casualties appear to be no more numerous. The literary features of the revolution are the most bloodthirsty, for the rival pronunciamentos of Peixoto and Mello are full of the most dreadful language, spicy with epithet, and sonorous with appeals to freedom and to country.

By no stretch of imagination can the Brazilians be termed a warlike race. War seems to reveal their military incapacity and naval unfitness; and the events now in progress at Rio seem only to emphasize that negation of military virtues which previous wars revealed. And yet the ruling race in this young republic are the descendants of a nation once famous for its military valor, its naval skill and daring, its fearless enterprise and commercial shrewdness.

When England lay wasted and exhausted in the throes of the War of the Roses, Portugal was rich and famous; and before the crookback Richard was slain on the field of Bosworth her navigators were dissipating the terrors of unknown seas. Her seamen were following in the track of the old Carthaginian voyagers on the African coast when Columbus was churning the mysterious Western ocean with the prows of his caravels. And before the Spanish navigators had touched the mainland of the Americas, Vasco da Gama had rounded the Cape of Storms, and was spreading his sails in strange seas for the golden Indies, the goal of both.

Yet of the magnificent empire these valiant spirits gave to Portugal, in India and China, in Africa, the islands of the Orient, and in the Brazils, nothing remains in her hands today but a shabby ruin in Goa, a spiritless trading-post in Macao, and a few wretched settlements on the African coast, that are gradually slipping through her nerveless fingers into the grasp of sturdier if no less greedy conquerors.

And Brazil has not escaped this decadence of the parent stock. Freedom won by the sword breeds freemen who can hold it with the sword; freedom feebly wrested from a feeble power is feebly held and feebly understood.

Brazilian independence was the result of causes outside herself. The invasion of Portugal by the legions of Napoleon sent her king scuttling for safety to his golden colony, where the force of circumstances transformed the colony to the kingdom, the kingdom to the appanage. When British arms restored to Portugal the pitiful independence she could neither hold nor win for herself, the jealousy and pride of the decayed mother angered the big child, and led to a division of interests and a demand for independence. Portugal's attempt to hold the colony was feeble and bloodless, and her troops were expelled almost without the firing of a cartridge. She did lay siege to Bahia with her fleet, but it was the courage of others than Brazilians that scattered it and sent it flying across the Atlantic, chased almost under the guns of Lisbon.

And since her independence she has shown few of the characteristics of robust nationality by sea or land. Portugal, before the final separation, extended the boundaries of Brazil to the river Platte by the conquest and annexation of the Banda Oriental; yet within a few years of the establishment of the empire, the hardy Uruguayans drove out the Brazilians and established an independent republic. In 1864 she entered into a confederacy with Argentine and Uruguay to crush the dictator Lopez and the republic of Paraguay; yet it was only after the expenditure of $250,000,000, and when Paraguay was utterly exhausted, and her armies were being recruited by women, that Brazil and her allies ended the war on the field of Aquidaban, March 1, 1870, when Lopez was slain and his army destroyed.

The naval operations of the Paraguayan war did not add to the glory of the empire nor the fighting reputation of her seamen. When the iron-clad fleet of Brazil was blockading the Paraguay River below Asuncion, its vessels were attacked by Paraguayan soldiers in canoes, who succeeded in capturing several and slaughtering the crews. Having foolishly slain the engineers, they were unable to get away with their prizes, which were recaptured by the other vessels of the fleet. This is a well-authenticated incident, the story of which was repeated to me within six months by an Argentine naval officer who was an eye-witness of the scene.

Perhaps this incident may serve as a key to a proper understanding of the absurd yet irritating condition of affairs now existing in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. To appreciate at their full worth the naval and military operations at the Brazilian capital some knowledge of the locality is necessary.

There is probably no more magnificent harbor in the continent than that of San Sebastian de Rio de Janeiro—to give in full the title of the Brazilian capital. It is almost landlocked, and contains fully fifty miles of anchorage—enough to float the navies of the civilized world. Dominated by the splendid Organ Mountains, it is the loveliest and most picturesque harbor in the world. Broken into lovely bays and exquisite inlets, its white strands are fringed with the most beautiful tropic verdure, while its mirrorlike surface reflects the lofty crests of Tijuca, Gavia, Corcovado, San Christoval, and Santa Teresa, that rise majestically above the city built at their feet. The harbor is gemmed with islands and lined with villas, and the argosies of the world float upon its bosom. The storms that lash the South Atlantic into fury are seldom felt within the portals of this harbor, so aptly named by its aboriginal owners Nictheroy—the Hidden Water.

The natural conformation of its entrance and shores has made the harbor easily defensible, and were its splendid fortifications garrisoned by brave and well-trained defenders, it would be practically impregnable to any invader. Upon the summit of the heights east of the entrance to the harbor is the formidable work of Fort Santa Cruz, while across the channel, some 1700 yards away, is the equally formidable water battery, Fort San Juan. In proper hands these two fortifications could repel any attack from without or within. Yet they are supplemented by Fort Lage, which is situated almost in the teeth of the harbor's mouth, and relatively to the other two as the apex of an obtuse triangle to the base of its legs. Sailing up the harbor, with Fort Lage on the left and Jurujuba Point on the right and east, the invader who breaks through the forts at the entrance is confronted by the guns of the Fortaleza of Villegagnon and the batteries of Fort Boa Viagem, crowning the northwest point of Three Fathom Bay. And when these are passed and the foe pushes past Calabouço (Prison) Point to come abreast of the capital, he must still face the guns of the arsenal on the Ilha de Cobras (Serpent I.), the batteries of Fort Gravata on the southeast point of Nictheroy Bay, and the fire in rear of Villegagnon. Running out of the harbor, he must face all these, besides the guns of Fort Pico, around the point from Santa Cruz and opposite Lage. Yet, despite these advantages, the garrisons of Peixoto in the forts have not only failed to sink the rebel fleet, but have actually permitted Mello and the *Aquidaban* to run the gauntlet of their guns and put to sea. Mello's daring feat was doubtless based on a pretty accurate knowledge of the timidity, incapacity, and inefficiency of Peixoto's artillerymen, for had the garrisons of Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton been manning the guns of Santa Cruz and San Juan, the *Aquidaban* and her consort would now be rusting and rotting in the deeps of the harbor.

The amazingly bad marksmanship of both Peixoto's artillerymen and Mello's gunners has ceased to cause surprise, while the lack of military dash and enterprise on both sides has almost robbed the conflict of ordinary interest. One almost wonders what would become of Brazil if she were called upon to face an active foreign foe. While her officers may be personally brave, and understand the theory of their business, the lack of training in what Americans would deem practical naval affairs detracts very much from their efficiency. The *personnel* of the navy is inferior to that of any in South America, and the attempted nationalization of the fleet by the exclusion of all foreigners has deprived Brazil of what was the best and most practical element in her navy. Her vessels lie in the Brazilian ports for months at a time, a cruise to the Platte or to some one of her own ports constituting their most arduous sea duty. The service in tempestuous antarctic seas, among the terrors of the Horn, along the inhospitable coasts of Patagonia, that makes hardy seamen and plucky fighters of the Chileans and Argentines, is unknown in the Brazilian navy. During the naval ceremonies of the Columbian celebration in New York the Brazilians suffered by contrast with all comers, and notably so with their Argentine neighbors.

To Rio all this turbulence, revolution, and interruption of trade are as novel as they are annoying. She has been more free from foreign and domestic aggression than any other city in South America. Nicholas Durand de Villegagnon made an attempt at colonization there as long ago as 1558, under the auspices of the Huguenot Admiral Coligny, but he was soon driven out, leaving nothing behind him but his name attached to an island in the harbor. When Portugal passed under the dominion of Spain, from 1578 to 1640, the coast generally suffered from the aggressions of English rovers. Along in 1710 Rio again suffered from an attack of the French, who were defeated and cruelly treated. In revenge for this treatment, the French Admiral Duguay Trouin sailed into the harbor with a large fleet and a force of 5000 men and captured the city, which he compelled to pay a ransom of 610,000 crusados—a Portuguese coin worth about seventy cents—and 500 barrels of sugar. Since then the horrid front of grim-visaged war has not affrighted the pleasure-loving Fluminense.

An unsympathetic English editor on the spot has gone so far as to poke fun at the present revolution, claiming that the results are entirely out of proportion to the amount of ammunition expended. He is of opinion that a dead Brazilian soldier is about as expensive as a convert from heathenism in Asia. Occasionally a civilian gets killed, but it is generally some disgusted patriot, who, emulous to raise the average of his countrymen's marksmanship, deliberately gets in the way of a projectile. If the seat of operations could be moved north, above Governor's Island, the revolution might go on for the next ten years without seriously disturbing anybody. Its location in and around Nictheroy, across the harbor from the capital, is simply annoying the longshoremen loading vessels and disturbing the slumbers of the tired sailors of the merchant craft.

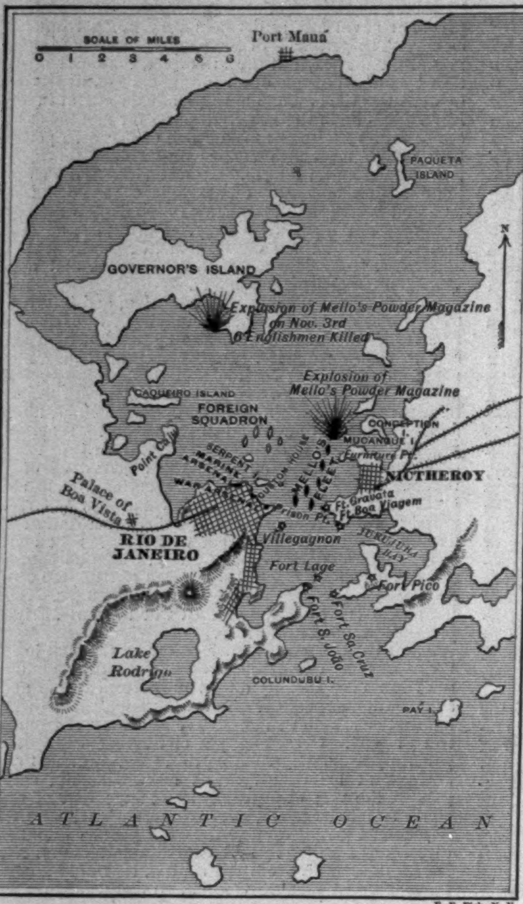
The departure of Mello places the command of the rebel fleet in the hands of Saldanha da Gama, an easy-going elderly gentleman, whose chief distinction is that he is a lineal descendant of that Vasco da Gama immortalized in the "Lusiad" by Camoens. There is nothing in his career to indicate that he will display any more skill, enterprise, or celerity in the revolution than did the commander of the *Aquidaban*.

Republicanism as we understand it does not exist in Brazil. There is an educated class that fully appreciates the meaning of it, and believes in it; but simply an opposition to monarchy cannot be called republicanism. The Amazonian and northern tier of states have always been more or less republican in sentiment, while the slave belt states, from Pernambuco to Santos, were imperial until the suppression of slavery. The great bulk of the people are negro, Indian, and mixtures of these and the white race, and they are densely ignorant and must be only a danger in a free republic. Trade is largely in foreign hands, for the ruling classes of Brazil do not take kindly to trade and business. In the southwestern states, those lying along the margin and under the influence of the Spanish-American republics, the population is purer Spanish and Portuguese, and the Caucasian element has been added to materially by large colonies of industrious Italians and Germans. These people are engaged in agriculture, mining, cattle-raising, and kindred occupations, and are a population of a bolder and stouter fibre than the people of tropical Brazil, and out of sympathy with them. They form a restless and pugnacious population, who chafe under Brazilian dominion, feeling that their destinies lie naturally with their Spanish kin. These are the people back of the revolution in Rio Grande do Sul and the adjacent country, and it is no exaggeration to say that when the trouble in Rio is settled the government will have a formidable revolution in the southwest on its hands, with small chance of success against it. In time these states will wrest their independence from the unwieldy Brazilian republic, and throw in their fortunes with the Banda Oriental, building up a strong barrier between Brazil and Argentine, and killing for good the ambition of Brazil to divide once more the Platte with her big Spanish neighbor. These aspirations of the revolutionary states have the active aid and sympathy—unofficial, of course—of Argentine and Uruguay, which will never again permit Brazil to lord it on the Rio Plata.

The rumors of revolutionary movements in Para are hardly worth attention, for the Amazonian provinces have long been republican and antislavery in sympathies. Para is built along the right bank of that mouth of the Amazon called the Para River, and has no defences worthy of mention. Below the city, in the river, is a little fort, seemingly no larger than the turret of a monitor, that a modern gunboat would knock into a cocked hat in five minutes. Above the city is a large earth-work, of no particular value against a civilized foe, though ample to awe the Indians, who come to the city with canoes laden with the products of river and forest. Maranham, down the coast, Rio Grande do Norte, and Pernambuco are equally weak in modern defences, and while all these places might readily be reduced by the rebel fleet, they could not be held without the aid of the people of those cities and states.

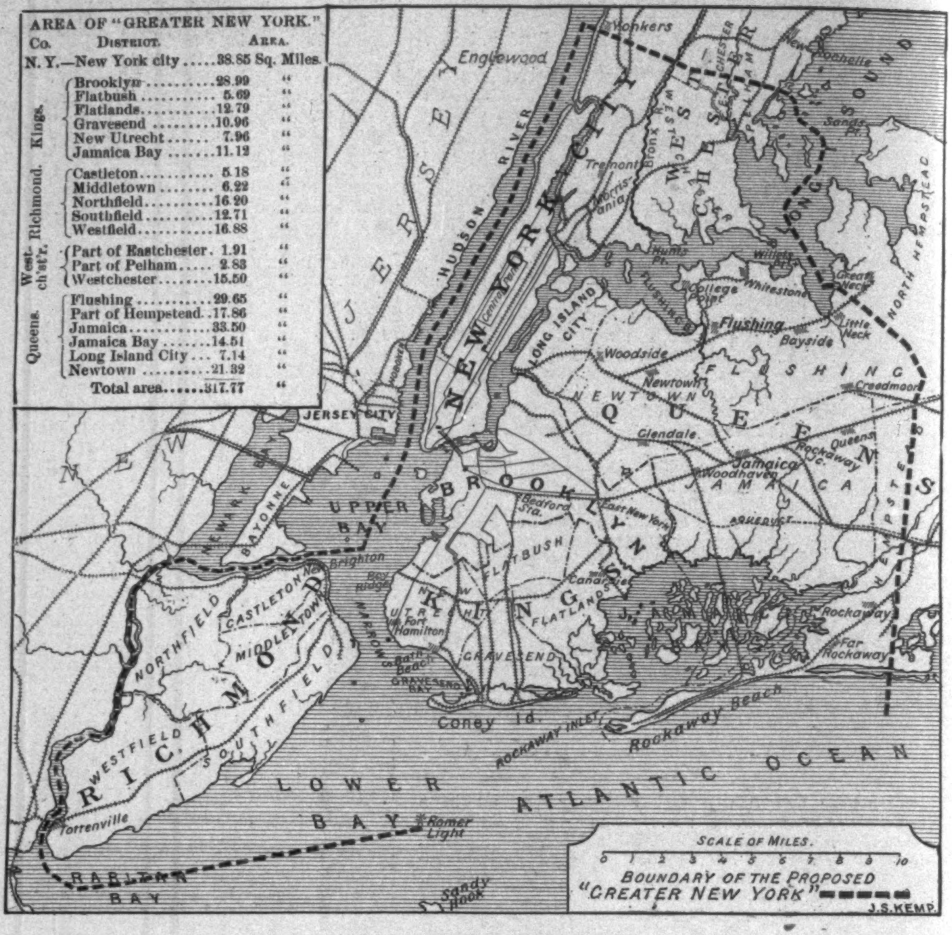
The revolution of Mello is largely a personal affair, and represents only the disgruntled militarism of the navy. He has no following in the country. The revolutionists in Rio Grande will accept his aid to accomplish their plan of disintegrating the republic, but when that is secured they will promptly throw him overboard.

Brazil cannot attain to greatness as a republic except along the lines laid down by Dom Pedro for the empire. The head and name of the government in Brazil have changed, but the conditions are the same. Peace, education, and the introduction of new elements into the population by immigration are what the country needs, and if to these she can add security from European intermeddling, Brazil may in time reach a robust national manhood. But with a weak and inefficient army and navy, where discipline is poor and class spirit rampant, officered by ambitious and unscrupu-


SCALE OF MILES
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
Port Mauá
PAQUETA ISLAND
N
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND
Explosion of Mello's Powder Magazine on Nov. 3rd 6 Englishmen Killed
Explosion of Mello's Powder Magazine
CAQUEIRO ISLAND
FOREIGN SQUADRON
CONCEPTION I.
MUCANGUE I.
Furniture Pt.
Point Caju
SERPENT I.
MARINE ARSENAL
WAR ARSENAL
CUSTOM HOUSE
MELLO'S FLEET
NICTHEROY
Palace of Boa Vista
Prison Pt.
Ft. Gravata
Ft. Boa Viagem
RIO DE JANEIRO
Villegagnon
JURUJUBA BAY
Fort Lage
Fort Pico
Fort S. João
Fort Sa. Cruz
Lake Rodrigo
COLUNDUBU I.
PAY I.
ATLANTIC OCEAN

E. F. Fisk, N. Y.

MAP OF THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—[SEE PAGE 1255.]



AREA OF "GREATER NEW YORK."

Co.	District.	Area.
N. Y.	New York city	38.85 Sq. Miles.
Kings.	Brooklyn	28.99 "
	Flatbush	5.69 "
	Flatlands	12.79 "
	Gravesend	10.96 "
	New Utrecht	7.96 "
	Jamaica Bay	11.12 "
Richmond.	Castleton	5.18 "
	Middletown	6.22 "
	Northfield	16.20 "
	Southfield	12.71 "
	Westfield	16.88 "
West-ch'st'r.	Part of Eastchester	1.91 "
	Part of Pelham	2.83 "
	Westchester	15.50 "
Queens.	Flushing	29.65 "
	Part of Hempstead	17.86 "
	Jamaica	33.50 "
	Jamaica Bay	14.51 "
	Long Island City	7.14 "
	Newtown	21.32 "
	Total area	317.77 "

Yonkers
Englewood
New Rochelle
HUDSON RIVER
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK CITY
WESTCHESTER
Tremont
LONG ISLAND CITY
Flushing
Whitestone
Woodside
Newtown
FLUSHING
NEWTOWN
QUEENS
Glendale
Jamaica
JAMAICA
Creedmoor
JERSEY CITY
UPPER BAY
BROOKLYN
FLATBUSH
KINGS
FLATLANDS
GRAVESEND
Brighton
NEWARK BAY
BAYONNE
NORTHFIELD
CASTLETON
MIDDLETOWN
SOUTHFIELD
WESTFIELD
RICHMOND
Fort Hamilton
Coney Id.
ROCKAWAY INLET
Rockaway Beach
Far Rockaway
LOWER BAY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Tottenville
Romer Light
RARITAN BAY
Sandy Hook
LONG ISLAND SOUND
NORTH HEMPSTEAD
HEMPSTEAD
SCALE OF MILES.
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
BOUNDARY OF THE PROPOSED "GREATER NEW YORK"
J.S.KEMP.

MAP OF PROPOSED "GREATER NEW YORK."—[SEE PAGE 1258.]

lous men, Brazil must expect to travel the *via dolorosa* of unpatriotic militarism and revolution that have marked the history of other South American republics.

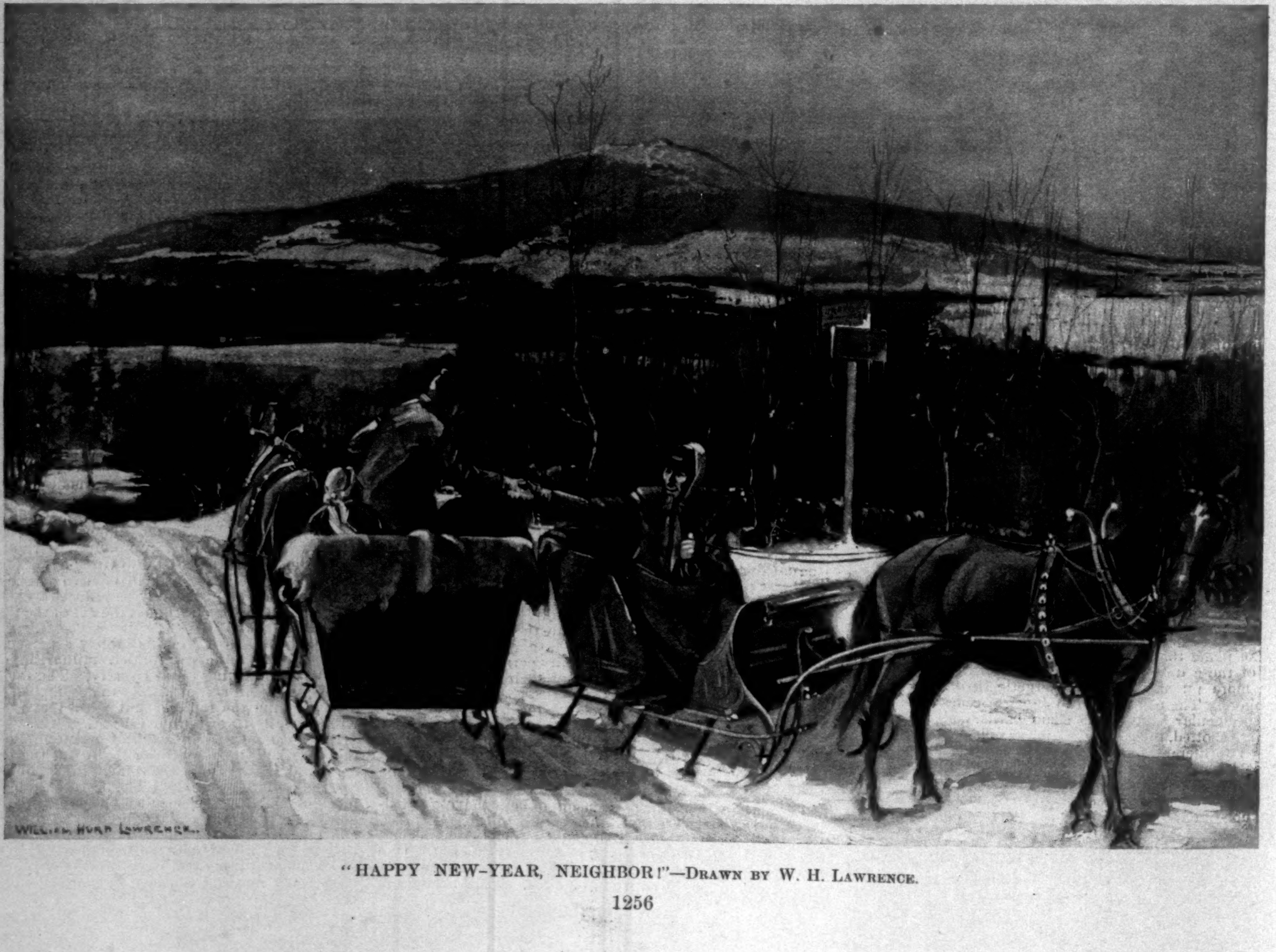
The greatest interest in the revolution now turns upon the conduct of the vessels purchased and armed in New York for the Brazilian government, and manned by American sailors. Will these unarmored ships, depending solely on their untried dynamite guns, be equal to the task of destroying the *Aquidaban* and *Tiradentes?* Much stress is laid upon the armor and armament of these latter vessels, yet in the months they have been engaged in fighting the stationary forts in Rio they have accomplished little that is praiseworthy from a professional point of view. If the gunnery was so bad with a fixed and immovable target, what will it be when the enemy is a swiftly moving, skilful, and aggressive man-of-war? It is well to remember that seamanship, skill, and courage are still the qualities that count in a sea-fight. No armament can compensate for the lack of them; they may prove counterbalancing elements to the lack of guns and armor plate.

A foreign admiral pointed out the *Aquidaban* to me as she swung at anchor in the North River last spring, and said that in the event of a war with Brazil he would tow her into port at his stern as his prize. I smiled at what I believed to be a bit of professional brag, and suggested that as his vessel was a lightly armored steel commerce-destroyer, the *Aquidaban* would bore him full of holes and sink him in ten minutes. He simply said: "I am speaking of the *Aquidaban* as she is, manned by Brazilian sailors, worked by Brazilian engineers. I would walk all around her, and sink her or make her strike her flag. Were she manned by American or English sailors, I would show her my heels in short order."

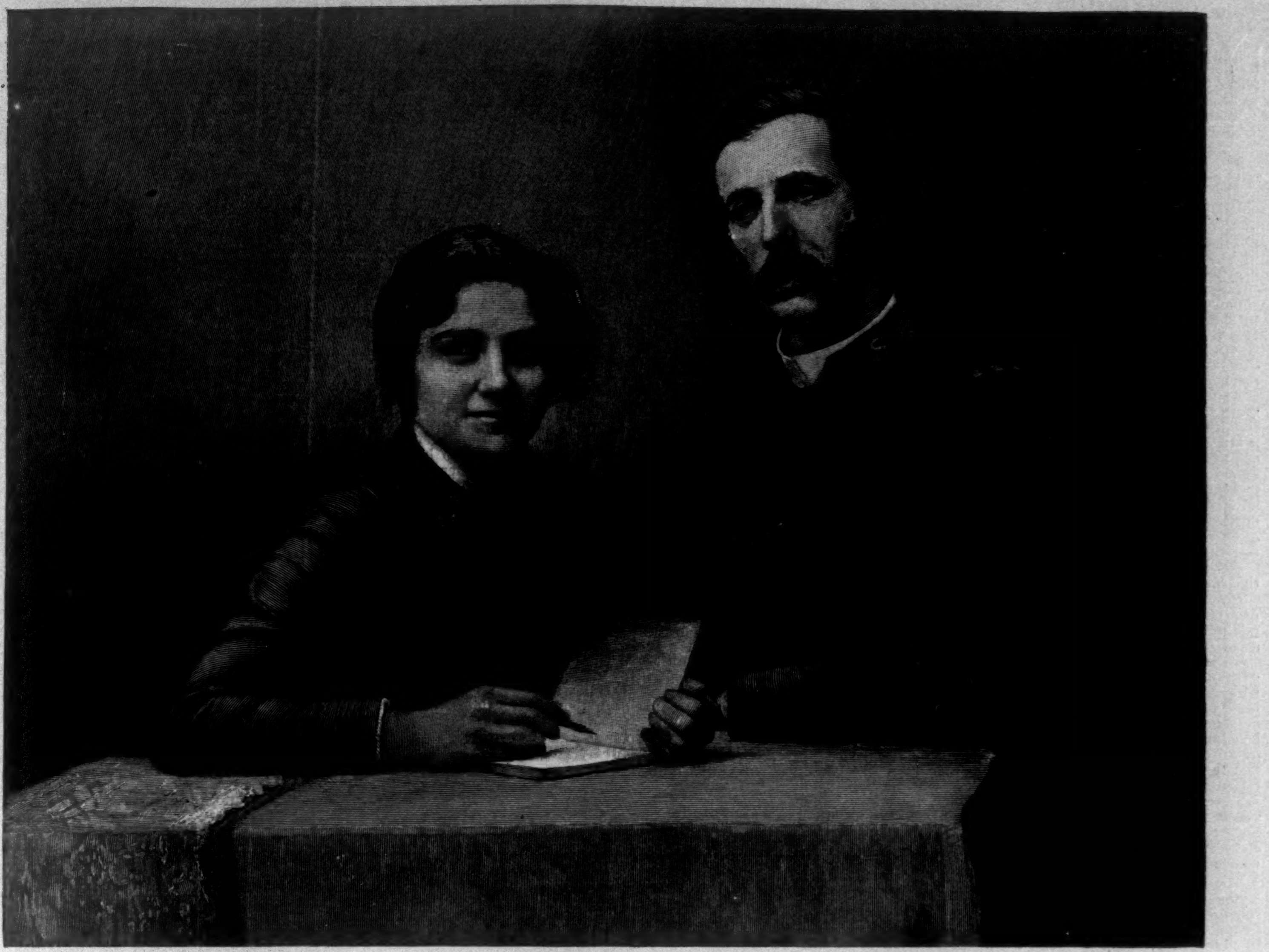
As he was familiar with Brazil and the Brazilians, and knew many of her officers and most of her ships, and had been more or less in touch with them all his life, I could not but be impressed.

The latest despatches state that the Ilha de Cobras and the Ilha de Enchadas have been captured by the rebels. The former had batteries sweeping down the harbor, and not in the direction from which the attack was made—from the north beyond Point Armação (Furniture Point), behind which the rebel fleet lies. Enchadas Island is not fortified, and is merely noted as a coaling station having a commercial wharf. Its loss is not serious.

JOSEPH SMITH.


WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE.

"HAPPY NEW-YEAR, NEIGHBOR!"—DRAWN BY W. H. LAWRENCE.



MRS. BOOTH AND COMMANDER BOOTH.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

ITS WORK AMONG THE POOR AND THE LOWLY.

THE WORK OF THE SHELTER BRIGADE.

BY COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THE Salvation Army believes in sociology as well as heartology. Indeed, beneath its tricolored flag these two are very much intertwined, and made as twin handmaidens to serve each other. Separate them, and the one becomes empty sentiment, while the other degenerates into "charitable patronage."

Sociology, like religion, must consist in something more than theory. In economic questions, as in religious, the great lack has been in their practical side. We have found that true sociology consists not merely in a correct knowledge of the status of society, but in bringing help and deliverance to those who suffer for want of them. Too long, alas! has this science been a mere system of theorization stored away in the minds of men as a medicine, to be used only in case of an epidemic. We need in these virulent times the *administering* of the remedy.

It is the help of true social measures, united with the power of salvation, that has brought real divine comfort and relief into thousands of homes visited by our shelter and slum workers.

While the average captain (of whom there are now over 11,000 in command in the Salvation Army) seeks by the aid of song, testimony, and personal appeal to win from the lairs of sin and meshes of iniquity the unsaved of his congregation every night, the officer in charge of the Food and Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, is exerting a personal influence over the unfed, unclothed, and unworked applicants who nightly appeal for assistance.

Side by side with each other in this and other cities are two powerful agencies effecting the uplifting and upbuilding of those who have been dragged down low and helpless in the social scale—the Food and Shelter and the Slum brigades. A touching and lengthy story of these two important branches it would not be difficult to write, did time and space permit; and in speaking of the Shelter Brigade, or Social Wing, we must content ourselves in dwelling upon but a few phases of this fascinating work.

Now, first, it must not be for a moment supposed that the classes reached and benefited by these social apostles are composed exclusively of those who have no intelligence and refinement. On the contrary, it would surprise the unsophisticated and uninitiated to learn the large proportion who have known every refinement, careful training, and the highest education that are found among the list of Lazaruses who throng our shelters and refuges.

We have sometimes reflected that could all those who have applied to us for food and clothing and work who were once found in the higher walks be gathered together, it would test the capacity of one of the largest buildings to accommodate them. Musicians, artists, lawyers, and clergymen alike, who have been drawn into the maelstrom of misfortune and sin, pitifully plead at the same door with slum-born and criminal-nurtured ones for tangible sympathy and help. Yet it is not for the fallen in the higher walks nor for the vicious that the shelters are particularly inaugurated. The primary object of our Food and Shelter is to help those who, while still honest and painstaking, have, through some misfortune or twisted circumstances, been left to go adrift without work, without home, and, what is worse, without a friend.

How often have we found that between the life of *want* and the life of *sin*, between that of *misfortune* and that of *crime*, there is a point at which the unfortunate can be saved—saved to gaining livelihood, to honor, and to self-respect!

But it must not be supposed from the above that we do not deal with the *fallen* one as well as those in *danger of falling*. Could one stand behind the counters of one of our crowded shelters, whether in New York, Buffalo, or San Francisco, he would at once become impressed with the *variety* of cases that come to our notice—all the way from the young man who, fresh to the great city, has come beneath its subtle and cunning influences, to the poor, ragged, dishevelled castaway who spends his nights in covered trucks or beneath some damp archway. The good Samaritan in the Social Wing not alone finds the man stripped by thieves, but the one stripped by the hands of disease and the gaunt fingers of hunger.

There are four classes who frequent our shelters, to all of whom this poor man's refuge proves acceptable and grateful:

1. The thoroughly vicious and criminal classes.
2. The unfortunates who, whilst honest and deserving, through sudden misfortune have lost their occupation.
3. Those who have acquired drinking habits, and who, through inebriety, have lost position and all belonging to them.
4. The foreigner who finds himself not as in his native country he supposed, the early possessor of the yellow metal, but hopelessly in want and despair.

If it be asked, are you able to give some help to all these classes? we gratefully reply, yes. And the following figures, which represent *but three of our shelters in this country*, will speak for themselves of the number who have come beneath the influence of this special branch. During the twelve months ending November, 1893, 80,391 meals have been provided at a nominal sum; 51,648 beds have been supplied to homeless people; 6360 have been furnished with employment. The number of beds provided in all our shelters throughout the movement is considerably over 2,000,000, while the meals given to the hungry destitute reach over 3,000,000.

Very touching indeed are some of the cases that come under our notice. Only a little while since I was privileged to speak in a great meeting, when a young man was brought to the front to give his testimony. A hush stole over the great crowd as with uplifted hand he spoke in tearful voice of the wonderful reformation wrought through the instrumentality of an officer in the Social Wing. He had travelled through this country, earning money, and spending it for drink as fast as he would earn it. He had read every book he could find on infidel and atheistic belief, until both head and heart were filled with doubt and despair. He was reduced to poverty, wretchedness, and dissipation, disowned and unbefriended. His mother, on her dying couch, raised her hands in prayer that the Lord would mercifully lead her boy back to Christ's feet. Through the instrumentality of one of our shelters he was brought not only to the place where he could be fed, and receive work whereby to earn an honest livelihood, but, better still, to that cross from which the light streams and illuminates the darkest heart.

This is but one of hundreds, ay, of thousands, who through the instrumentality of this noble and Saviour-like branch of work have been brought to the garner of hope and reformation, and whose lives have been made happy, respectable, and useful in society.

THE WOMEN'S WORK IN THE SLUMS.

BY MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

IT is now pretty well understood by all readers of the press that in our great cities there is always to be found a quarter, covering a more or less large area, which is known as the "slums," and is looked upon as the abode of the lowest-down element of humanity. There live and flourish the criminal and drunken element among the poor; there shameless vice with squalid poverty stalk abroad with naught to cover their ghastliness but a few mean rags and the kindly shadows of night.

It has been a favorite practice of some to consign all the sins of the category that can be committed against God and man to those living in these quarters, making the so-called "lower classes" the black sheep, whom the rich, the educated, and refined look at from their superior elevation of "righteousness" and good fortune with pity or disgust, as the mood finds them.

Now we of the Salvation Army, who are lovers of the outcast, can but repudiate with indignation any such drawing of the line between good and evil. True, the slums are filled to overflowing with criminals of every description, while vice, drunkenness, and evil passions run riot. Murders and wrongs, as well as starvations, disease, and utter misery, are to be found on every hand, and are much more readily recognized from the fact that they cannot be covered or hidden by the offenders. But it is a fact that should not be lost sight of that evil passions and wicked deeds are just as dark and horrible, ay, and more so, I think, in the sight of God, as when they are covered and hidden beneath flaunting silks of "good" *society*, or hushed up by the magic influence of *gold*. Many a wealthy "gentleman" has from his own table, or returning from his club, to be carried up to bed by his butler and footman, drunk, —*dead drunk!*

Many a society woman, refined and wealthy, gives way to the passion of strong drink in the retirement of her own costly bedroom, and is laid up in consequence under the care of her medical adviser. They are as truly *drunkards* as the poorer man who has no butler, but who is roughly handled by the police officer as he staggers, singing or fighting, down the street, or the woman who lies in the gutter unconscious, because she has no mansion chamber in which to hide, no maid to wait on her drunken helplessness, no medical adviser to administer counteracting remedies.

The fallen woman dances for a living in the low dives of slumdom, with painted cheeks and immodest dress, or walks up and down beneath the flare of the gas-light plying her vile trade. But be it remembered by those who would "cast stones" at these poor helpless outcasts that many of them can trace back their first downward steps to the wicked machinations of the wealthy *society-accepted man*.

And are there not in the ranks of the "upper ten"—the more fortunate—as much unfaithfulness, impurity, lying, fraud, and wrong as among our poor slum-denizens, though it is not so open, is not called by these plain, straight, everyday terms, or followed so often by discovery or punishment, so much of it passes as respectable and fashionable. Let those who love righteousness and feel for the poor, the wronged, and the oppressed thank God that there is a judgment day coming, when the deeds of man, whether hidden or open, shall be revealed, and justice shall be meted out irrespective of wealth, position, influence, or poverty!

But it is among the dark shadows of the lowest slums that I would lead the reader.

How dark is the gloom, how oppressive the atmosphere of crime and misery, none can understand who "go slumming" as sight-seers, or who dabble for a time in slum-work as an experiment.

To know all, to understand the needs, and to be able to grasp the awfulness of the existing state of things, you must live and work in the slums as neighbor to the people, sharing their poverty, dwelling in their homes, and dressing in as poor a garb as they, that you may be brought to their level sufficiently to benefit them, while you turn your back on all the comforts, ease, and refinements of home as completely as if you were a missionary in Central Africa or China.

These "poor outcasts" have their feelings, are sensitive, suspicious, and sometimes proud. They do not care to be looked at as phenomena, patronized and pitied by those who consider themselves above them, and they will rebuff those who come as spies or strangers into their midst.

It is with love and constant kindly deeds that the slum-workers of the Salvation Army have won their way from cellar to garret, from dive to saloon, making themselves necessary to their neighbors, showing them that real Christianity is disinterested, intensely practical, and believes sincerely in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood *of all men*.

In New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, day and night, summer and winter, patiently and lovingly, away out of sight, between forty and fifty young women, without salary or worldly recompense, are passing in and out of the most wretched homes and haunts of sin, seeking, as Christ did, the most needy, the most debased and most hopeless, and by their patient toil winning them back to life and hope and goodness. Fearlessly they visit from saloon to saloon, talking and praying with the rough, drunken crowds who, gathered therein, are drinking and blaspheming, their pure earnest faces carrying conviction of the truth of their words.

They have no male escort with them to protect them; their own goodness and purity are about them like a wall of fire, silencing and impressing the very lowest and most degraded, and arousing in the hearts of the men to whom they go with their loving message the dormant sparks of chivalry that still exist away beneath the hardened coating created by their tough lives and many sins.

By the side of the hopeless fallen woman in the lowest dives you would find them talking of the possible purity and brightness that may yet chase the dark shadow of death from the future. You could see many a poor painted face wet with tears amid the coarse laughter, the fetid fumes, and noisy dance of those night revels as the girl has been drawn aside and lovingly talked to of Jesus and the loving message He has sent of pardon, hope, and restoration, with a tender reminder of "mother" and "home" in the now far-away past. Down into cellars God's messengers have groped their way, and found there human beings sleeping on the damp ground in places where light was dim, and where rats ran around and scampered over them, and the bitter cold crept in to start fatal maladies in their worn and hungry bodies.

To these in the darkness and poverty and sickness, as messengers of light, these brave, true-hearted girls have gone, and have brought help and comfort. Not there alone, but away up in the garrets, where the rafters hang low, covered with funereal drapings of soot-laden cobwebs, their faces have brought sunlight brighter than that which dirt and old rags have effectually kept out of the window.

It was nearing Christmas; the weather was bitterly cold, but the homes they had visited that afternoon were more cheerless than the chilly streets. They had entered almost all the rooms occupied by families in one of the big squalid houses not far from their own quarters, when a kindly neighbor said: "Up in the garret there's an old couple sick. I guess they need you, sisters!"

It was a small attic room bare of furniture. The glass had parted company with the window-frame long since, and rags ineffectually took its place. Chairs, bedstead, table, and stove had one by one been sold for that necessity of life—*bread*. On an old mattress in the corner of the room lay an aged man, whose hair was whitened with years, and whose eyes were dimmed with blindness. By his side sat his old wife, listening with a breaking heart to his constant moan: "Oh, I am so hungry! So hungry! *So hungry!*"

For two days they had not tasted food. Shortly before that they had gone for *four days without food*. But the stove had been sold, and they had suffered the bitter cold since then, and had two days before eaten the last morsel of food which its sale had brought them.

Then the poor woman had taken a little pepper and salt, all she had left, and mixed it with water, and they tried by the drinking of this to stay the cravings of hunger.

This was not a drink case. It was their misfortune, not their sin, that had brought them to starvation. They had been hard-working people once, but they were very old and blind and feeble now. They had a son, a pretty well-to-do mechanic, though heartless enough, who, when they applied to him for help, said, "There's bread enough in the poor-house; go there." "But," said the poor wife, with a touch of pathos, "we have lived together all these years, and can't bring ourselves to go where we must be separated. So we thought we would rather die together here."

(Don't forget these "poor outcasts" have hearts and feelings just as deep and sensitive as their more fortunate fellow-men.)

Loving hands and tender hearts worked a transformation in that poor "home" before the night fell that winter's day. An old bed and bedding, which had been kept for just such a case, with some clean though patched clothing, was carried piece by piece from the slum officers' humble home to the poor garret. Soap and water soon made the place look clean, and the helpless couple were also washed and put to bed like tired children by these angels of mercy, while tea, toast, and gruel were brought to strengthen them.

The dispensary doctor whom they had called in was so touched by the misery and suffering of this case that he gave $1 50, which with the little from the slum sisters' store kept for such needy ones purchased a second-hand stove, which brought warmth and cheer to the chilly atmosphere.

Day after day they were visited, nursed, talked to, and prayed with, and at last, kneeling by the bed in her own poor garret, the old woman found Christ as her Saviour, and rising with joy on her careworn face, she exclaimed: "Oh, I feel so light! I can't explain how it is done, but I know I feel as if a great heavy burden had rolled away."

Many other stories could we tell just as touching as this one, of the wretched homeless homes, the little babies found without a stitch of clothing, cases where our girls have found the most abject poverty, or been called in to the scene of some brutal fight to care for the almost murdered victims. Stories also of the struggle for life by those who are willing to work when they can get a few paltry cents for a hard day's toil.

One woman with the shadow of a coming ordeal, rendering her weak and unfit for work, carrying her little child in her arms, walked from the downtown slums 'way up to Seventieth Street, knocking at door after door and asking for work. The price she charged was five cents for an apron and thirty-five cents for making a gingham dress. She walked back again, weary and footsore, and told our girls cheerfully of her good fortune, for she had got one dress to make and one apron out of that long and weary day's search. Into her hands we were able to put work, which she has done so gladly and gratefully, and for which she is receiving fair wages. Just this is being done for many a poor struggling one, and the homes of thousands are being gladdened.

The following brief table of statistics will give but a passing idea of the good accomplished, for no statistics can record the cheer, the comfort, the gladdening influence and loving help that have come to many hearts and brought sunshine into many dark homes:

Families visited	58,981
Visits made in saloons	50,194
Dealt with personally on the street	105,261
Meals given to starving and sick cases	13,095
Garments given where absolutely needed	14,708
Sick cases nursed	2,106
Children cared for in day nurseries	10,237

Of our slum nurseries and their good work among the helpless babies of the slums, and of our Rescue Homes for outcast women, I have neither time nor space to write now.

But, oh! if the wealthy only knew this Christmas-tide to what advantage we could put their cast-off clothing, I feel sure they would readily send us, to 111 Reade Street, all we needed for poor and destitute cases. We give only where we know the garments or food are really needed, and where they will do the most good, in a way that those who are not neighbors of the people would never be able to do.

We do not pauperize, as indiscriminate charity which tends to this end is worse than useless; but we help the people to help themselves, and inspire them with a new hope through the love and strength of the Saviour of the world, and by living out a practical, hard-working, loving religion before their eyes.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

Without ceasing to be architectural, the exhibitions of the Architectural League have been so widened in scope during the past few years that they represent now a far more comprehensive movement than that from which they originally sprang, and appeal every year to a larger audience than the last. The audience is larger because it is no longer composed so exclusively of professional men and women. In giving increased attention, increased space, to all the arts allied to architecture, the League comes closer to the ideal of a popular exhibition of constructive and decorative art. It is in these general observations that the present exhibition at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society is perhaps most justly approached. The objects shown have, in many cases, intrinsic merit. The most interesting impression they leave, however, is the broadest—an impression of a general tendency to make industrial art a source of beauty. This is forcibly suggested by our illustrations, which throw light upon the way in which a baldly architectural atmosphere has been excluded from the galleries, and an air as of a private interior, equipped at many points, substituted in its place. You feel it at once, too, on surveying, for example, the contents of the south gallery. Standing beside one of the columns for which Mr. Francis Lathrop designed and Mr. John Williams executed the handsome capitals and bases, there is the exquisite little bronze in which Mr. Frederick Macmonnies has embodied his picturesque conception of "Pan." Its effect is heightened in respect to color by a bit of rich old leather on the wall behind it. Hung over the arch, which is flanked by the columns referred to, is a leather panel painted by Mr. Homer Martin. On the line, near by, is a most interesting model in wax, by Miss E. C. Peddle, for a large mantel, with a figure on either side supporting the upper member of the structure. Further on is a decoration made for a frieze, by Mr. J. W. Fosdick, a representation of the famous meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, etched on wood with hot-iron points. Mr. J. Massey Rhind's model for one of the Astor memorial bronze doors at Trinity Church, a work animated in composition and executed with commendable simplicity and dignity, stands at one end of the gallery. There are clever sketches for mural decorations by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, Mr. H. T. Schladermundt, and Mr. W. B. Van Ingen; and the walls abound with color studies and full-sized cartoons for stained-glass windows by Mr. Crowninshield, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Mr. Hamilton Bell, Mr. and Miss Armstrong, and others. One superb design for a window of three lights is by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, who here preserves on a large scale the individuality and strength which have been made most familiar in his black-and-white illustrations in Harper's Monthly.

It will be seen that the exhibits thus far alluded to cover an extensive field. They maintain, moreover, an excellent standard of design, of taste, of workmanship. In the south gallery alone you may study a dozen or more of the elements which go to make up the artistic embellishment of a dwelling-house or of a church. In the three small neighboring rooms Yandell & Company have on view beautiful leather screens and wall-coverings; the Associated Artists are represented by some fine fabrics; there are wall-papers, hardware, book covers, gas-fixtures, stencils, and carvings from various hands, and there are some antique tapestries and pieces of furniture grouped with the rest. In the last and largest of all the galleries—in that established by Mr. Vanderbilt—are quantities of designs for new architecture, and sketches from old buildings abroad. Throughout this mass of work there recur frequently examples of plastic art, some of them very conspicuous, like Mr. Bitter's spirited pediment for a railway station in Philadelphia, and others of a minor character, like Mr. Partridge's charming medallion called "A Dream." It is not intended to enter into any analysis of this or that object in the exhibition. Such an analysis is quite beyond the limits of these remarks, and no more than the briefest reference may be made to such a monument of class art as McKim, Mead, & White have designed for the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts, or to such delightful works in a trifling *genre* as the numerous pretty cottages, which are among the best things shown. What it is desired to point out is simply that the League has gone further this year than at any other period of its history to illustrate the application of artistic ideas to the decorative and utilitarian details of a house, as well as to matters of façade, plan, and so forth. It must be added also that the quality of the work is uniformly creditable. The public will find the show enjoyable, and will find it the most instructive display, in a practical sense, that the season in New York affords. For architects, draughtsmen, and artisans, the exhibition is a mine of valuable suggestion in relation to design and technique.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.

It is now a quarter of a century since Mr. Andrew H. Green began his agitation for what is now spoken of as the "greater New York." Of recent years the movement has made some progress, especially among the people of the city of New York and of the outlying rural communities of Kings, Queens, Richmond, and Westchester counties. The strongest opponents of consolidation have been the politicians of the neighboring city of Brooklyn. The people of the communities immediately interested in the subject have not had an opportunity to fully express their opinion, and it is now proposed, in a bill that will be submitted to the Legislature at its coming session, to give them that opportunity.

This bill has been prepared by the commission of which Mr. Green is a member. It is called the "Commission of Municipal Inquiry," and among its members are citizens from every county that would be affected by the adoption of the plan of consolidation. Mr. J. S. T. Stranahan is the member from Brooklyn. No one has had more to do with the growth of that city for the last generation than Mr. Stranahan, who has enjoyed the rare distinction of seeing while he is still living a monument erected to him in the city which he has served so well. The commission was appointed under an act of the Legislature which was passed in 1890.

The bill which is to be presented to the Legislature simply provides that the question of consolidation shall be submitted to the people to be voted on at the next general election of the State. The people vote in their several election districts, and the result of the vote in each city, village, and town is to be reported by the Secretary of State and filed in his office. Nothing is to be determined by this vote except the preferences of the people of the various localities. If any further steps are taken towards consolidation they will be taken by the Legislature, and the Legislature will probably not disregard the opposition of any important community to the surrender of its separate municipal or political existence.

The communities affected are many, but the two most important are New York and Brooklyn. The line proposed starts from Far Rockaway, and running through Queens County, northerly and northeasterly through the towns of Hempstead and Flushing, reaches Long Island Sound at Little Neck Bay. Passing through the middle of the bay, and turning to include Harts Island, which is already the property of New York, it enters the county of Westchester through the channel that divides Hunters Island from Glen Island. Crossing the county, it includes the three great suburban parks, and reaches the Hudson at Mount St. Vincent, immediately south of Yonkers. Running southerly, it ends in Raritan Bay.

Within these lines are included all of Richmond County and Kings County, the towns of Jamaica and Flushing, and part of Hempstead in Queens; the town of Westchester and part of Eastchester in Westchester County. New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City are the cities that would be included in the charter of the greater New York.

The first and most obvious reason for the consolidation is the practical identity of the interests of the people who dwell within the proposed boundaries. Nature has made the three great islands—Manhattan, Long, and Staten—the boundaries of the wonderful bay into which enters two-thirds of the imports that come to the country. From the very first New York has been the centre of the active life that has been lived about these shores. Here the commerce of the great community has been carried on. The ships that have brought the merchandise of Europe to the New World are tied at her wharves; the transactions of commerce have been conducted in her offices and banks and counting-rooms. Those who have dwelt in Brooklyn or in the rural communities of the neighboring counties have lived on the toil and trade of the metropolis. Year after year this has grown to be more and more the fact. Brooklyn has been called the "boarding-house," the "dormitory," of New York, and what is true of Brooklyn is true of Staten Island, and of Westchester and Queens. Practically the people who dwell in the territory which it is proposed to include in the consolidated city—the greater New York—are one people, having their home interests where they dwell, and their more important business interests where they spend their active days. This is the centre of the hive, but it is not the whole hive; and the census which declares the people living on Manhattan Island to constitute the population of New

York does not tell nor even indicate the truth. From such a declaration one cannot begin to determine New York's real importance among the cities of the world.

The lesson of the past history of New York and its neighboring towns is that annexation is inevitable. It is the wildest absurdity to maintain separate municipal and town governments, each with the burden of its peculiar expenses, for people who are all united in interest and who are chiefly concerned, no matter under what local government they may dwell, in the character of the government of the central and largest municipality where the business of the whole is transacted. Recognizing the logic of such a situation, the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg were united many years ago, and to meet the demands of the northward-moving people who were crowded out of the narrow limits of Manhattan Island, the towns of Westchester County lying between the Harlem and the Bronx were long since annexed to New York.

Speaking of the opposition of some of the party chieftains to the movement for consolidation, Mr. Green, in an address to the Legislature, used this forcible language:

> "The movement still progresses, but we have yet our Sachems, great chiefs and small, who cling to the traditions of barbaric times, and seek to preserve their clans and clanship by fencing them out upon little lines of narrow demarcations against the gathering strength of popular dominion. But the encounter is one between the retreating forces of the tribal system and the coming forces of the co-operative system, between barbaric tradition and educated aspiration, to which there can be but one result, when the frontier lines of the Manhattan, the Montauks, and the Raritans shall be obliterated, and New York, Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Staten Island shall be one politically as they are already in every other relation. In this, future history will only repeat itself, doing here what has been done in London, Paris, Brooklyn, and Chicago, all of which cities have become great and prosperous, not alone by accumulation of numbers within their first restricted bounds, but by expansion, annexation, and consolidation."

The community of interests which exists about the waters of the harbor of New York seems to demand unity of administration. The mere statement of the number and diversity of governments under which the population dwelling on these shores carry on trade and commerce and conduct their social and domestic affairs is an argument against the continuance of this extraordinary and crude state of things. In the first place there are two States, each claiming and exercising jurisdiction over the navigable waters. Within the radius of sixteen miles in all directions from the City Hall there are people who draw their sustenance from this city living under these two State governments and several city, town, village, and county governments. Within four miles of the City Hall there are five city governments. Within ten miles there are seven city governments. Three New Jersey counties and five New York counties border the waters of the harbor and its eastern approach. More than a score of town governments and a still greater number of village governments administer the affairs of the communities which would all be brought under one administration if the proposed consolidation should take place.

The existing condition of things creates conflict and annoyance where there should be unity and concord. New York's prosperity is not the prosperity alone of those who dwell between the East and North and Bronx rivers; it means the prosperity of those who spend their days in our downtown streets and their nights beyond our jurisdiction, and those, too, whose trade and professions minister to the wants and pleasures of the smaller communities. New York is mainly dependent on her surrounding waters, and yet the actual jurisdiction of the city as it exists to-day is over a very small part of those waters. The policing of the harbor is in the hands of the various local governments, and where there is such a diversity of administration there must be that conflict of authority which conduces to the profit and immunity of the law-breaker.

The people who inhabit the territories included within the boundaries already described practically dwell together. Their interests and their well-being require that they should be under one local government. It is unfortunate that two States are neighbors at this point, for an ideal greater New York would include Jersey City, Newark, and Elizabeth. Such a union is probably impossible, for the State of New Jersey would be unwilling to surrender to the municipality such a large and valuable part of her territory, and the administration of two sets of State laws by the authorities of one city would be impracticable. The best that is possible is doubtless the union of the territory suggested. If anything, this is less than it ought to be, for the people of Yonkers, Tarrytown, Mount Vernon, and New Rochelle are quite as deeply concerned in the municipality as those who dwell within the territory marked off for consolidation.

It certainly should not be possible for the criminal classes of the metropolis to escape the jurisdiction of the police of New York by crossing the bridge to Brooklyn, or going to the rural districts of Richmond, Queens, or Westchester County. The man whose store is within a dozen blocks of the City Hall should enjoy for his business and his dwelling, which may be twelve miles from the Hall, the same police protection. His chief pecuniary interest is where his business is, and consequently he is more deeply concerned in the government of the metropolis than in that of the village or city where his home may be situated. The consequence is that those who might be the best citizens in the smaller communities take no interest in local politics; and there is bad government, the government of the unprosperous and unintelligent, of the people who stop at home, the small retailers, the local bosses, the men to whom the mental activities and moral impulses of the great city are as remote as they are to the dwellers in the hill towns of New England. The man who does business in New York and lives in Brooklyn pays taxes imposed by two governments; and his largest contribution for local purposes is likely to be for the support of the government in the choice of whose officers he has no vote. One Excise Board determines who shall sell liquor to him in his dwelling-place, while another regulates the traffic in the city where he spends his days. One Board of Health prescribes sanitary regulations for him at night, another controls him by day. Under existing laws the health of New York is affected by the most inefficient village health board in its immediate neighborhood. The city of New York loses the votes of hundreds of thousands of men whose ballots would always be cast in behalf of good government, while Brooklyn and the other communities of the neighboring territory do not profit by this loss as much as they ought, because New York and its government constitute the paramount interest of all who toil for livelihood and wealth within its boundaries.

All the material interests of these neighboring communities would be advanced by consolidation. The greater New York would have a population of more than 3,000,000, and would be easily the second city of the world in size. The question involved in the bill which the commissioners have prepared, and which will be introduced into the Legislature soon after the beginning of the session, is the most important that can be submitted to the people of the various communities concerned. It is one upon which they have the right to express their opinion. The people of several of the towns have already had meetings, and the opinions that have been expressed thus far, with the exception of those of the politicians who dread losing their power, have been in favor of consolidation.

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SAYS OF IT:

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago the first Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, "A Journal of Civilization," was issued. It was then, as it has always continued to be, the leading illustrated weekly newspaper of America, holding easily the front rank in the general esteem and admiration because of its literary and artistic superiority. But the HARPER'S WEEKLY of that time was no more like the HARPER'S WEEKLY of to-day than the child is like the man, though even then it was the best of its kind upon this continent, and at once gave promise of being that which in the fulness of time it has become.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has fulfilled in the highest and truest sense the mission of good journalism. The newspaper is the greatest of all teachers, as it teaches so many, and it is a matter of profound universal concern whether it shall teach well or ill. To us HARPER'S WEEKLY is most interesting in its character of teacher. It has taught so broadly and with such high purpose and assured sincerity, with so much wisdom and good conscience, as to command the respect of every one who rightly estimates the value of a newspaper, sagacious, earnest, and wholly devoted to the well-being of the community.

HARPER'S WEEKLY came into existence at a time when the contention with regard to slavery was being most fiercely and energetically waged; it was a recognized force in American journalism when that contention culminated in the secession of those States which became the Southern Confederacy. During the four years of war that followed, the WEEKLY became not only the most complete abstract and chronicle of the time, but one of the great aids of the Government. It created, fostered, and gave increase to the spirit of patriotism, to that strong love of union and freedom which inspired the citizens of the great Republic to suffer all things for their country. As it had taught hatred of slavery, so did it then teach devotion to the Union.

It did not cease to be a useful teacher with the close of the Civil War. It has kept right on educating the American people in what it believed was best for them to know. It has contended at all times for great political principles, for purity of administration, for statesmanship in politics, for law, order, and public virtue. Its founders were men of elevated principles and stern rectitude, having a dominating sense of their public responsibility as not only the publishers of those great periodicals which they had established, but of books. Neither they nor their successors, all of the same name and family, have had cause to feel ashamed of a single title-page coming from their presses. That a publication bore the imprint of HARPER & BROTHERS was assurance of its good character. Generation of HARPER BROTHERS has succeeded generation, and the high standing of the firm has been always maintained. It has been one of honor, usefulness, distinction, at all times.

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To return to the WEEKLY in its character of public teacher. No journal in this or any country has taught more broadly or honestly than it has done. It has had real convictions of duty to the nation, and it has had the courage to maintain them. It has taught the lessons of patriotism, good politics, literature, and art. The WEEKLY has been one of the greatest and best educators, and its publishers have been and are citizens always mindful of the obligations they owed to their country, society, and themselves. Because of the high purposes they have maintained, their usefulness has been so great in the broad field of higher education in which they have wrought so successfully and with such public spirit and integrity.—*December* 19, 1893.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Grant Allen says that the last twenty-five years have marked a great advance in the beauty of English women. A quarter of a century ago, he says, he travelled both in England and in France, and, as became a naturalist, took particular note of the appearance of the girls. Very lately he has been over the same ground again, and reports that the French women are no prettier than they were, but that among the damsels of the middle class in England the improvement is unspeakable. He finds that the young English girls are better grown than formerly, and have better figures, better features, and much more intelligent faces than their mothers. Beauty lies so largely in the eye of the beholder that it is possible that some of the improvement Mr. Allen notes is due to a change in himself. It is conceivable that his heart warms more readily than it did to British beauty, or that twenty-five years of ripening experience have brought him a keener appreciation of the fresh and simple charms of youth. Yet he is by profession an observer of natural phenomena, and should know whereof he speaks. It is probably true that English girls have grown handsomer, and the reason is not far to seek. The development of athletics has doubtless had something to do with it, but it is safe enough to attribute the major part of the improvement to the effect of competition. For the last two decades the American girl has notoriously set the pace for the English maidens, who, it seems, have made a gallant and not altogether unsuccessful effort to keep up with it, while the French women, being comparatively free from American competition, show no appreciable progress. So far as the English girls are concerned, what an excellent result this is, and how creditable to the native grit which prompted them to do their best, instead of settling hopelessly down under discouragement! The American girl, it appears, is good for everybody, her rivals included.

Apropos of a recent paragraph in this department of the Weekly relating to the alleged feebleness of the Harvard cheers at the football game at Springfield, a correspondent writes:

> "I don't think any one has yet struck the key-note. Whatever advantages the method of allotting seats had, it had the disadvantage of breaking up crowds of friends. Formerly a man getting up a car could get seats all together, and there was far more enthusiasm among this number of twenty together than in the same number scattered here and there in one, two, or three. I myself had the misfortune to get a seat beside a saloon-keeper from Boston, who was an intimate friend of all the one hundred Boston police, and who didn't know one goal from another, and on the other side were two shop-girls from Springfield. Going as I did with a party, this was not pleasant. Evert Wendell was directly in front of me, but I hardly felt like cheering with no one around me to join. If the seats merely called for sections, it might be all right."

If it is true that the method of seating people at the Springfield game had the general effect of separating friends, it was certainly defective. But that does not excuse this correspondent for not cheering. He should not only have cheered all he knew himself, but since providence allotted a saloon-keeper and two shop-girls to his charge, he should have made it his business to see that they cheered adequately too. It is just this Harvard willingness to let some one else work that enables Yale to win.

It has often been said that there would be no insurmountable difficulty about getting woman suffrage if the women really wanted it. It is not safe to say, in like manner, that State Legislatures would appropriate public moneys for the Catholic parochial schools if the Catholics really desired it, but it does seem as if there were enough Roman Catholics who don't desire it to defeat the proposition, even if there were no inveterate opposition to it by Protestants. In New York, Archbishop Corrigan declines to be responsible for the Spellissy school bill, and Mr. Richard Croker declares that he has no sympathy with it. In the West, some of the most outspoken opposition to similar bills proposed comes from Roman Catholic journals. From Maryland, where, if anywhere, a Roman Catholic might feel at liberty to speak freely for his own side, an impassioned argument against meddling with public-school moneys comes from Judge James McSherry, of Frederick, who, as a Roman Catholic layman, declares himself "bitterly and intensely hostile to the whole scheme." In Judge McSherry's opinion, to divert any part of the public-school fund to the support of denominational schools would be a breach of a public trust, which in Maryland, at least, the Legislature has no constitutional right to commit. He finds it as unreasonable that Catholics should be relieved from their share of the support of the public schools as that Quakers, or others who have religious scruples about going to law, should be excused from taxation for the support of law courts. He believes that "the Catholic laymen of the country are almost a unit in opposition to this proposed interference with the school fund," and that there is "no need of alarm on the part of any one that Catholic laymen will ever consent to this unlawful measure."

If the general movement on the school fund was intended to test the strength of public sentiment on the subject, it must be conceded that it has been tolerably successful already. Public feeling seems to exist in quantities amply adequate to meet the situation, and there is a most gratifying prospect that the scheme will be killed by Catholics, thereby avoiding anything like a political division on a religious question.

The sympathy of the public is bespoken for the members of the Carlin hunting party, lately lost in the hills of Montana, in the embarrassment which has overtaken them in the person of George Colgate, their late cook. This cook is the same who, as the newspapers told us, was left behind by the party on their way home. They reported when they came in that he was weather-logged and unable to walk, and had only a few hours to live at the outside, and that it had seemed best to stock him with food and fuel and leave him, rather than that the others should remain with him and all perish. This was an acceptable story, and seemed superior to the common lot of common stories, which are only good until another is told. But that very lot has overtaken it. The cook turns up and disputes with the party as to whether he was moribund enough to be left behind. He insists that he should have been brought in, and when the party replies that he had but a few hours to live at the outside, he scoffs at them, and avers that he wandered about in the mountains for three weeks after they left, and might be wandering yet but for the politeness of two trappers whom he met in a snow-storm, and who kindly invited him home and entertained him. He finds great fault, too, with the food the party left for him, declaring the supply to have been extremely scant, and fabulously inadequate to his needs. He is evidently out of all patience and temper with the Carlin party, and does not hesitate to harrow their sensibilities with public criticisms of their conduct. It must have been painful to them to leave him behind to die in the first place, and now to have him turn up alive and make them further trouble seems like crowding the mourners. If George Colgate had had all the feelings of a gentleman he would have recognized that etiquette demanded that he should stay dead. But the manners of the West are still rude; and besides, if a cook is a good cook, that is enough. It is unreasonable to expect him for the same wages to be a Chesterfield also.

The most vociferous and exacting question of the hour is how to keep the unemployed alive until business revives and there is work for them to do. All sorts of people are tackling the problem in all sorts of ways. Chicago finds it especially engrossing, and is treating it with free kitchens where soup and coffee are given to hungry applicants, care being taken to discriminate as far as possible in favor of involuntary idlers and against professional tramps. Measures somewhat similar are proposed for New York by a "Provisional Committee for the Aid of the Hungry," whereof the chairman is Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, and Mr. Henry Clews is the treasurer. The first undertaking that this committee has proposed to itself is to find out all the places in New York where meals will be given free to hungry men. Having gained this information it proposes to diffuse it where it will do the most good. Every policeman will have a list of all the free food places in his precinct, and similar lists will be furnished to people who ask for them. If it shall appear that there are not enough feeding-places to cope with the present or impending distress, this Provisional Committee will try to increase the supply. Its office is at 60 Wall Street.

The next best thing to free food, or possibly even a better thing, is very cheap food. Mr. Teall's committee will doubtless want to know, and to give information, about all places where meals can be had for as little, say, as five cents. Such a place is the People's Restaurant and Lodging-house, at 170 Bleecker Street, which proposes to sell a full meal of hot food to any applicant bringing five cents or a meal ticket, the food to be eaten on the premises or carried home, as the customer prefers. The lodging-house department of this charity will provide men with supper, bath, bed, and breakfast, and will cleanse their clothing by steam, at a nominal cost. The restaurant, when it gets well agoing, is expected to supply from one to two thousand meals a day. It is expected to be self-supporting after it gets well started, but some five thousand dollars is needed to start it, and any fraction of that sum will be welcomed by John P. Townsend, treasurer, at the Knickerbocker Trust Co., 18 Wall Street, or at No. 234 Fifth Avenue. Among Mr. Townsend's associates in this enterprise are Messrs. W. L. Strong, David H. King, Jun., John S. Huyler, and Dr. W. S. Rainsford. The meal-tickets of this restaurant will be sold for distribution at five dollars a hundred or five cents each. The charity is in good hands and has been wisely planned. It is commended to the readers of the Weekly.

E. S. Martin.

SAILORS' KITES.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

The kite as an auxiliary to the life-saving system is not a novel consideration.

As far back as Revolutionary times we learn from the record of marine disasters on the United States coast that the brig *Sally*, of Boston, "took the Jersey beach abreast Absecum on Christmas day during a most portentous storm out of the northeast quadrant." It appears that as the *Sally* was in ballast and drawing but a few feet of water she struck close to the shore, just outside the breakers, but so mightily did the anger-lashed Atlantic burst upon the beach that brave hearts and willing hands could not overcome the barrier that tossed and roared between them and the twenty human beings who were clustered in the rigging of the fated brig. To launch a boat into that boiling caldron was a task for giant strength, and the watchers on the shore, called away from blazing hearth-stones and yule-tide sports at the sound of the signal-gun, could only wait in helplessness for the rending of the beaten hull and the crashing of the swaying spars to end the tragedy.

But a man of resource was the master of the *Sally* brig. No sooner had his vessel struck than the situation and its chances were measured by him with the cool, calculating head and eye of a sailor, and with the assistance of his mates he quickly lashed three slender boat spars together, spanned them with a light line, then covered the frame with a muslin bedsheet. The sail-maker's locker supplied narrow strips of canvas and a ball of strong cotton twine.

Three men carefully guarding a white shape were seen to emerge from the cabin and join the crew in the main-top. Suddenly a large kite shot into the air and flew in the direction of the puzzled group upon the shore, who, quickly realizing the significance of the white-winged messenger, cheered excitedly while they made a dash for the canvas tail that was sweeping along close to the sand. A moment later one end of the ball of twine that the captain held in his hand was in possession of those upon the shore. For the men of the stranded vessel to bend a small line to their end was the work of a few seconds, then, when this had been made fast on board, the second line was gently drawn to land. Next a strong rope with pulley-block was bent on to this and paid out to the beach. On board the *Sally* the men secured their end of the hawser to the main cross trees, hitching the smaller line just above it, while those on shore seized the block to the flag-staff on the beach, rove the rope through it, hauled it taut, and made the life-line or steadying-rope fast a few feet higher up. The sailors walked ashore on the large rope, steadying themselves by the small line.

Several days ago an interesting kite exhibition was witnessed off Sandy Hook, under the direction of Mr. J. Woodbridge Davis, the inventor of a kite apparatus for carrying lines from a ship to the lee shore. The kite in question is foldable, the sticks, of light ash, revolving upon a common centre axle, and the frame is covered with oiled muslin.

It has been demonstrated that under certain conditions it is impossible for our efficient life-saving men to get a line out to a stranded ship, and that loss of life under such circumstances naturally follows. A case in point is that of the four-masted schooner that went ashore in a southeast gale on Long Island only a few weeks ago. For several hours futile efforts were made to shoot a line to the vessel, whose crew could be seen in the shrouds above the combing seas that continually rolled across the decks, while, to add an element of pathos to the picture, a woman stood upon the ratlines among the men. Several times the life-saving crew ran their boat out into the jaws of the breakers until the icy waters frothed about their sturdy shoulders, only to be beaten back to shore again. Happily a rapid change of wind smoothed the sea and made possible the rescue of the shipwrecked ones before the masts fell.

It is for just such emergencies that Mr. Davis has designed the kite that bears his name. When beyond the reach of the projectile that carries the line, the kite may be used to establish communication with the beach. Although, as has been shown, the mariners' kite is not an original idea, yet the Davis apparatus presents several decidedly new features, the most valuable of which is the simple contrivance by which it may be deflected from its natural course, or, as a sailor would say, from dead to leeward. Instead of a single line leading from the face of the kite, two lines are employed, one from either side, and by checking one or the other a trifle after the kite has been raised, it may be directed four compass points, or 45°, from its direct leeward course, so that it may be landed anywhere within an area of 90°.

The value of this steering property may be appreciated when it is explained that it often happens that the only near land to a wrecked vessel is not directly to leeward, but to the right or left of that point. The principle of the steering action of the kite is based upon that of the fore-and-aft sail, which may be trimmed to a certain limit without spilling the wind.

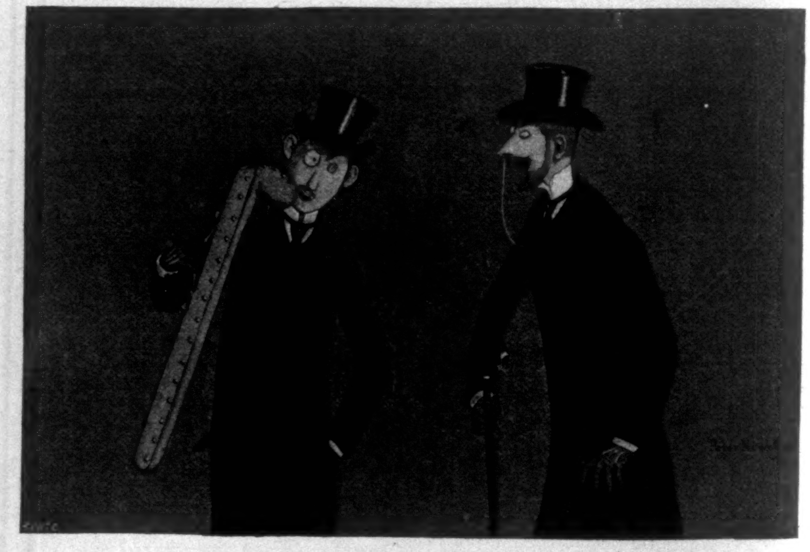
As soon as the kite is raised and the guy-lines adjusted so that it is directed aright, these are secured to a wooden float or buoy, and the latter is thrown overboard, having fast to it a light but strong line, which is paid out as the kite flies to the land, dragging the buoy through the water. When the float reaches the beach the life-saving crew detach it and bend on to the ship's rope the regular lines and blocks, which the wrecked seamen haul out to their vessel and make secure according to the directions found painted on the small wooden tags fastened to the blocks. The crew are then brought to land either in the breeches-buoy or life-car hauled out to them by the life-saving crew.

THE STORM-PEWIT.

On winter morns, when frost-flakes fly,
And coldly looks the red sun down,
There comes a lonely troubled cry
From where the barren forests frown—
The fluttering pewit's warning shrill,
That bids the shuddering world beware
The restless storm-wind, white and chill,
That death shall pilot through the air.

The headlong clouds erelong will swing
Up from the winter's dungeons cold,
The icy winds erelong will sting,
And rustling drifts the fields enfold,
When from the forest, dead and drear,
Where waking winds go hoarsely by,
So wild and tremulous with fear
Doth come the wise storm-pewit's cry.

P. McArthur.



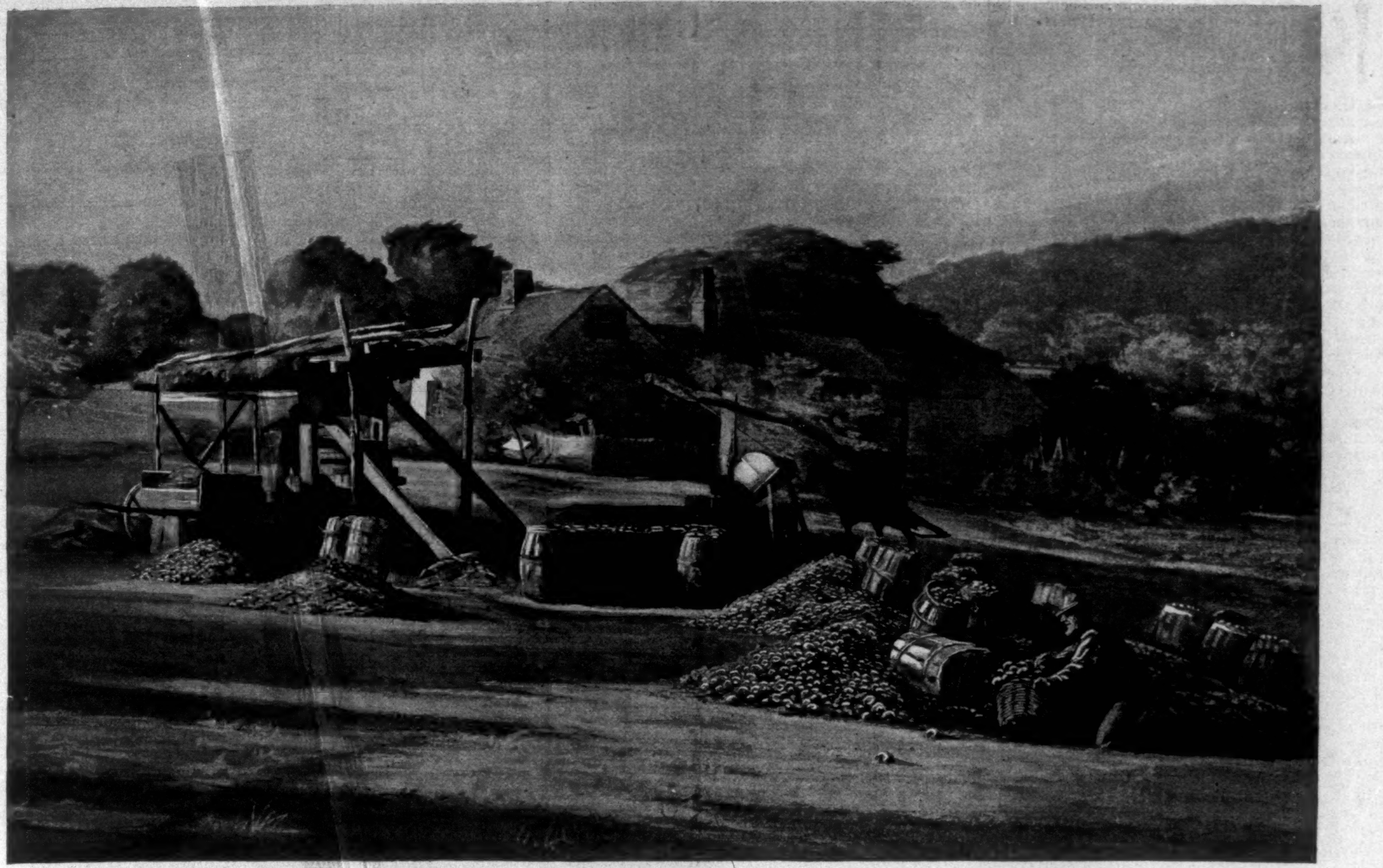
PROTECTING HIS TREASURE.

"What on earth is that thing you are carrying, Chappie?"

"It's me cane."

"Cane? Why, it's a leather box."

"I know; the cane is in the case. The stick was a gift to Pwince George, from his father the Pwince of Wales. I bought it at a place in London. Of course I wouldn't expose it to the public gaze here, so I had the case made, ye know, so that I could carry it."



A NEW ENGLAND CIDER-MILL.—DRAWN BY GEORGE ERRINGTON.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE WISE MAN STUDIES THE SIGNS of the times, and the wise collegian will take some lessons from the season just ended if he wishes to protect his cherished sport, and have it continue to flourish as it has done for the last decade. It will not do now to slight or shirk the responsibility, for, whether rightly or wrongly, the game has been arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and that always means that some defence is demanded or some reform is imperative. The charges that have been made are many of them unjust, and some of them are foolish, but the parents of boys at school and college are hard to convince, even though the newspaper talks of violence and fisticuffs be declared untrue by the boys. Then, again, the chapter of accidents astounds and shocks parents. They are aware of the tendency of the newspaper to make a sensation of the smallest material, but that does not prevent their giving credence to the stories. Fortunately the two big games of the season give the lie direct to almost all the charges of brutality and fisticuffs, and it will not be a difficult undertaking for the football men, by a few well-directed alterations in their rules, to assuage all parental fears, and place the sport upon a more secure foundation than ever.

THERE IS NO BETTER MEANS OF REACHING the desired end than through the University Athletic Club taking the initiative in the reform movement. We have already commented on the advisability of having this club take the lead in the matter. Indeed, as I have already said, I consider the University Athletic Club the balance-wheel of college sport, and it cannot begin its mission at a more auspicious time than the present. The club will shortly bring together a certain number of men most capable of giving an opinion on the present question, and passing judgment on proposed rules, etc., and we shall unquestionably see the beginning of some very wise legislation.

The newspapers have teemed lately with communications from men who know the game and men who do not know it, offering all kinds of suggestions for new rules. I have read several correspondents who talk of going back to the old Rugby rules, but those who hint at such a departure show ignorance of the history of American football. Every college man and every student of football knows that the American game is the most scientific of all football.

That it has become more than usually rough in the last year goes without saying, but this, as I endeavored to show in a recent issue, is entirely due to the game's enormous development. It is simply the fact that the progress of the game has travelled ahead of the rules, and that we have now simply to bring the rules up to the game. It is so in the development of all games and of all things; but football has been made a particularly shining mark because of its immense popularity, and one always finds unceasing and unthinking criticism following in the footsteps of extraordinary success.

FOOTBALL HAS FOUR FEATURES that, in my judgment, are open to legislation:

1. Flying interference and all momentum plays.
2. Downing the full-back on a free catch.
3. Piling on top of a runner when he is tackled and downed.
4. Umpiring.

Little need be said of the momentum plays. They were introduced last year by Mr. Deland, though they were seen for the first time at the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield, practically at the end of the season, and their use therefore did not become general. This season, however, they have spread not only over the East, but into the far West, and been played, one might say, universally by all teams professing any knowledge of modern football. They have been more instrumental in raising this cry of "brutality" in football than any set of plays that were ever put forth. However, they have done some good in convincing careful students of the game that, after all is said and done, straight, fast football will score more points in a game than showy tricks. They have been very hard on the men, which is quite easy to understand, and it is surprising indeed there have not been more serious accidents.

Naturally it was a question of very short time after the introduction of flying plays before they would be met by flying resistance, and so this season we have seen offensive flying plays met by flying defensive work, and what the result has been every football man knows. These momentum or flying plays should all be legislated out of the game. There has been some talk, I note, of retaining the flying wedge on the kick-off, but I do not see any more reason for keeping this wedge on the kick-off than of retaining it throughout the game. There is nothing particularly skilful in it. It is merely adding speed to the old wedge, the principle being that it is much harder to stop men on the run. It would continue to be met by flying defensive play, and we should be perpetuating one of the most offensive features of the game.

Classed with the momentum plays must be considered the flying interference, which we saw very skilfully done by the University of Pennsylvania team as well as by Harvard, though the former carried it off much more successfully. This is the style of play that, while not so trying on the men as some of the others of the flying species, is of a pattern not at all desirable. Moreover, this flying interference play, particularly as shown by Harvard this season, was not a ground-gainer. It will have to be legislated out along with the rest of the new-fangled flying plays. And it will not take very elaborate legislation to do away with all this flying business. The rule need simply be made that no man shall start until the ball is actually in play, and the problem is solved.

DOWNING THE FULL-BACK ON A FREE CATCH is not a new question. The last two seasons have shown that the penalty of five yards is not sufficient, and football men have known for many seasons that the Association's ruling on this matter makes the umpire's decision a very hard one. He is not infrequently called upon to determine as to the *intention of the runner*, which is an obviously difficult matter to decide. Many times the full-back is thrown by the opposing ends purposely, the idea being that the possibility of his dropping the ball and their getting it is worth the five-yard penalty. It is one of the most unsatisfactory rulings of football, and the umpire is really nine times out of ten unable to give an absolutely fair decision.

It seems to me that the only way out of this is to make the ruling such that the umpire can plainly see for himself whether the full-back actually attempts to run, and to make the penalty for tackling on a fair free catch a progressive one. If the rule stated that a full-back could not be tackled unless he took a step forward, and the penalty was a progressive one, beginning at five yards for the first offence, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, etc., we should have an end to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs. An unfair tackle under these circumstances would be perfectly evident not only to the umpire, but to every spectator on the ground, and we should at last have an end to unfortunate discussions in cases of interference on a catch.

SOME SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE of not allowing the ends within five yards of the full-back on a catch, but this appears to be going to the other extreme, for he would almost be sure to gain five yards in case he attempted to run, and, unquestionably, his attempt to run under the ruling I have suggested would be quite as evident as though the ends were five yards off. If he makes a fair catch and heels the ball; if, having caught the ball, he takes one step forward—are certainly two plain and straightforward statements equally simple of understanding. The progressive penalty would be wise in curbing the tendency of throwing the man in hopes of his losing the ball.

This ruling would not cover a case where a full-back came up on a run and caught the ball, as the Princeton full-back (Blake) did in the Thanksgiving-day game when he was tackled by Hinkey, but it seems to me, in a case of this sort, that a man's catching the ball on a run should be interpreted as being an attempt to run, as of course it would hardly be practicable to rule that the opposite ends must hold off for him to take that step forward, since he would be going forward at the time of catching. It would seem fair to rule that where a man on the run catches the ball it be construed into an attempt to run; for certainly, unless he was tackled, he would keep on going.

OF ALL THE ROUGH FEATURES OF FOOTBALL none stands in more need of the strictest legislation than that which permits the piling of the two teams on top of a runner once he is downed. I think this feature, next to the momentum plays, has had more to do with raising the cry of "brutality" than any other. As everybody knows who follows football at all, the excuse for piling on top of a runner after he is thrown is to keep him from gaining ground. It is also the excuse for "kneeing," which, to explain it to the uninformed reader, means the placing of an opponent's knees against the shoulders and head to keep the man with the ball from wriggling ahead. This is a play that not only results in a very large per cent. to the injuries, but is absolutely without interest to the spectator. To see a runner tackled and thrown and half of the players of both sides pile on top of him is neither pleasing nor interesting. It is not a skilful play.

A solution of stopping this sort of work is just as simple as that of preventing the unfair downing the full-back on a free catch. Let there be a rule that as soon as the player running with the ball is tackled and thrown the ball be "down" where he falls. Let the referee's whistle sound the instant the man topples over, and there will be no need whatever of falling on him to prevent him from gaining by squirming or wriggling along the ground. Of course there must be a penalty attached to this rule for the men who fall on the runner after the referee's whistle has blown, and if it were five yards it would, it seems to me, cover the case completely.

NOW AS TO THE UMPIRING. When the University Athletic Club holds its convention of football men, there is no point on which it should be so emphatic in its treatment as on that of umpiring. Instruction to the umpire of 1894 should be of the strictest character, for in his hands rests to a very large extent the future of the game. What a fearless and competent umpire may do to check unnecessary roughness we had a very practical illustration of this season. We are not wanting in men who are competent to fill

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the position, but what we need next season is the united support of colleges in instructing umpires to promptly carry out the penalty prescribed by the rules. There should be no warning of a man who is slugging. He should be instantly ruled off, and not only put out of the game, but off the field altogether. Off-side play should be more strictly ruled upon also.

Given a few common-sense changes in the rules, and an umpire who will strictly adhere to them, we shall see throughout the entire season of 1894 such clean football as was shown in the Harvard-Yale and Yale-Princeton games.

UPON MASS PLAYING I have not touched, because I am not altogether a believer in the total extinction of the wedge and similar mass plays. It is a question that can only be decided in a convention of practical football men whose experience is recent. It has seemed that there were fewer injuries received from these plays than is generally believed. That there should be some modification of the present mass plays appears desirable, but what modification may best be substituted without harm to the game cannot be determined off-hand. Spectators and practical football men are agreed in desiring more open play, and this can be brought about by limiting the number of downs a team is given to make the five-yard gain, or making a kick obligatory on the second or third down. Mass plays can easily be modified by ruling that only four men, beside the quarter-back, should be allowed behind the line in a play. This would enable the tackle or guard to run with the ball, but would stop the wedge plays. I do not believe that wedge plays should be eliminated entirely from the game. I think they should be allowed under certain conditions, and what these conditions are will be determined by the convention of football men that the University Athletic Club will call together. Neither do I believe in doing away with all interference. The prettiest play we have nowadays is the interference around the end, and to legislate this out of the game would be to deprive it of one of its most pleasing features. I am of the opinion, however, that the using of arms and the knocking over of opponents by the interferers should be rigidly ruled upon. What we desire chiefly is to make the game as skilful as possible, and there is no doubt that the ruling out of all interference would take from football one of its most skilful features.

IN NO YEAR HAS THE MAKE-UP of the All-America football eleven been so easy a task. Usually there has been a man here and there on the smaller college teams that has played sufficiently well to have his name at least considered in the make-up of the national eleven, but this year none such appears, and the eleven men and eight substitutes come undoubtedly from the four large universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. Furthermore, the All-America team of 1893, in my judgment, is the strongest combination that we have ever been able to get together. Individually some of the elevens in the last few years, particularly in '91, show up quite as strong; but for an evenly balanced team, including substitutes, I think the '93 eleven is the strongest that has ever been put forth.

All-America team for 1893:

Butterworth, Yale, full-back.
Brewer, Harvard, and Morse, Princeton, half-backs.
King, Princeton, quarter.
Lewis, Harvard, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Hickok, Yale, guards.
Lea, Princeton, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Trenchard, Princeton, ends.
Substitutes—Ward (Princeton), Thorne (Yale), and Brooke and Knipe (Univ. of Pa.) back of the line; Holly, Taylor, and Balliet (Princeton) and Greenway (Yale) in the line.

LOOKING AT THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN of '93, nobody will dispute my selection of Butterworth as the full-back. Considered from every point of view, he is altogether the strongest man in that position, I think, I have ever seen play. There have been others who could kick farther on occasion and drop goals from the field, but for all-round value to a team, in kicking, catching, tackling, bucking the line, and running with the ball, no man in my recollection has equalled him. He is not nearly so strong on catching as in other respects. Last year, in the Harvard game, he made a couple of bad muffs, but this year he has shown immense improvement in holding the ball, as well as in getting in his kick, and his experience was particularly trying in the Princeton game. His tackling has always been good, but in the Princeton game it proved to be of a high order, and twice saved Yale from having her goal-line crossed by the Princeton runner. With his line-bucking ability the readers of this department are perfectly familiar, for it has been commented on very frequently. In this particular respect I do not recall any man Yale ever had that excelled him back of the line.

NEXT TO BUTTERWORTH, THE BEST FULL-BACK on the college field this year was Brooke of Pennsylvania, in actual kicking. So far as distance and certainty of getting in his kick are concerned, Brooke is probably quite as good as Butterworth. He is very sure, and covers a great deal of ground. So far as the actual distance gained in punting for this season of '93, without going to actual figures, I should think that Brooke had done better than Butterworth. Butterworth made one kick of fifty-five yards, to be sure, but Brooke, on the average, I think, sent the ball farther than the Yale full-back. His work, particularly in the Harvard game at Cambridge, was wonderfully good. Brooke's tackling is also of a high order, and just as hard and sure as Butterworth's, but here the comparison ends, for in line-work and interference Butterworth far outclasses him.

Blake of Princeton, although not picked for the All-America team, deserves special commendation for his work against Pennsylvania and Yale. He is a product of this year, a comparative novice, and was put to a pretty severe test in both of those games. Against Yale, his kicking, taken on the average, was pretty nearly as good as Butterworth's, and his line-work and tackling were shown to be excellent. This season was his first experience in a large game, and he showed the precise qualities that go to make a full-back valuable—a level head and cool, quick judgment. If he plays next year he should improve considerably, and ought to make one of the best men in the country.

BREWER'S WORK AS FULL-BACK has not been commented on because I have put him on the All-America team as a half-back, where, with Morse as a side partner, I believe the two would be even a stronger pair of half-backs than were McClung and Lake. Both of them are fast, both quick to take advantage of an opening and of their interference, and each one is absolutely devoid of fear. They are two of the most courageous half-backs I ever saw. Brewer's work did not show up in the Yale game as it did in '92, but this was due entirely to the style of play Harvard was using. Had he been given a chance to gain in good, straight football, he would have repeated his performance of the year before. This was shown to be a fact in the game against Pennsylvania, for here he was used to advantage, and proved that he had not lost any of his brilliancy. Besides not being properly used, he had a bad ankle. His punting this year was not so good as last.

Morse has always been known as a ground-gaining half who had few superiors, but his work against Yale on Thanksgiving day proved him to be an exceptional man. Although weighing only about 155 pounds, he plunged in the Yale line with all the effect of a man twenty pounds heavier. Both these half-backs are speedy, and if either of them got a chance around the end it would take a swift tackler to down him.

King at quarter-back could not be improved upon, either in this or any other year. We have never had a quarter who did more for a team than King, and McCormick is the only one in the history of football who could do as much. King is a remarkable player, and probably no man has ever played football who was as valuable in so many respects behind the line. His physique, his speed, his certain tackle, and his getting into almost every play will long tend to keep his memory green at Princeton.

WITH BUTTERWORTH, BREWER, MORSE, AND KING back of the line, the '93 All-America team would undoubtedly be the best combination we have ever had. With King's accurate passing and hard tackling, Brewer's certainty on the catch, no matter how hard he was downed, Morse's ability to play at quarter, and the indomitable pluck and wonderful ground-gaining of Butterworth, Morse, and Brewer, I should feel that there was not a single weak spot in the All-America team behind the line. Nor would the team be wanting in strong substitutes. We have seldom seen two such gritty, plucky ground-gainers developed in a single season as Ward and Thorne. Thorne has been playing for some time, though of course this was his first year on the 'varsity. Ward is absolutely a product of this season, and his splendid work on Thanksgiving day stamped him as a half-back of high quality.

Thorne began the season with no reputation, but he has ended it with considerable. His work against Harvard at Springfield was the best of any half-back's on the field, and the fact that he played with a badly injured nose is all the more credit to him. Both get off quickly, run low, and hit the line hard. Ward's improvement during the season was remarkable. In his first games he ran very high and got off slowly, but against Yale on Thanksgiving day his speed in starting was not equalled by any half-back of the season, in addition to which he ran very low. His career next year will be followed with interest, for he should develop considerably. These two men, Ward and Thorne, would be first choice in case the All-America team was playing an uphill game.

Brooke would be my next choice if the game were a pretty hard one. On his ability as a punter I have already com-

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mented. At half-back he would not be so valuable a substitute as either Ward or Thorne.

Knipe I have chosen as the fourth substitute for behind the line. Naturally he is fitted for one of the strongest half-backs that ever put on a shoe. He has weight and speed, and is a strong ground-gainer on occasion, but his playing seems to be divided into streaks of good and indifferent work, according to whether his team is winning or losing. He is fairly good on interference, but, notwithstanding his riper experience, I should prefer either Ward or Thorne on a team.

OF THE OTHER HALF-BACKS OF THE SEASON there are two who cannot be passed over without mention. Just how valuable a man Waters would make at half-back is hard to say, since he has been seen so very little, and then handicapped by injuries. Last year he played guard on the Harvard team, and was chosen as such for the All-America team. He made a considerable reputation in this position, and if he had gone on improving as he did last year, would undoubtedly have been Wheeler's partner in the All-America team this year, but he left his post in line to play at half-back. He has hardly shown enough work behind the line to be judged on his half-back ability, but what he has shown convinces me that his half-back work does not rank at all with that of guard.

Osgood of Pennsylvania is a man who ought to be one of the cleverest half-backs in the country, but his value is largely neutralized by his tendency to individual play. He has considerable speed, and with the ball has done some good ground-gaining, but he is only fair on defensive play, does not follow his interference, and has not shown the team-play that would warrant his being even a substitute on the All-America team. It is curious that with all the natural ability he should not be able to acquire the other important qualifications of a valuable half-back.

Gray of Harvard has been seen very little this year, and therefore cannot be classed. However, Harvard has turned out some new men who are likely to be heard from next season. Wrightington, Gouterman, and Dunlop, all three of whom are products of this season, have given excellent promise, the first-named particularly. Yale has also developed an excellent half-back this year in Armstrong, who, while he did not exactly fulfil the promise of the early part of the season, nevertheless did remarkably well for a new man.

The only position on the line where I have hesitated at all has been in placing Hinkey at one of the ends. Greenway, Yale's right end on this last season's play, has certainly played as strong a game as Hinkey, but, comparing the two men, it seems to me that Hinkey would be the more valuable man to a team. His work has not shown up this year as it did last—first, because both Trenchard and Greenway have improved their game very much, and second, because the worries of the captaincy have undoubtedly hurt his game. Considering the two men, Hinkey and Greenway, as football players only, I think there is no question that Hinkey is the more valuable man to a team, notwithstanding the fact that Greenway's work this season showed up as well. Hinkey's strongest point, and where, in my judgment, he is better even than Trenchard, is in following the ball. He seems to have a remarkable faculty of seeming to divine where the ball is going to be, and of being just at the point where he should be on almost every occasion. In this respect I think he is one of the best ends that ever played football. Trenchard is one of the few captains in my recollection whose play has not been hurt by his captaincy. He played the best game this year that he ever showed, and against Yale on Thanksgiving day he played an exceptionally strong game. Indeed, his work this year entitles him to be considered the first end of '93.

Emmons of Harvard has not shown up so well this year as he did last. His game at Springfield was not up to that of '92, and Greenway completely outplayed him.

Stevenson of Harvard is a new man who has shown up particularly well for his first season, and played an excellent game against Hinkey at Springfield. He will undoubtedly be heard from in '94.

Simmons, one of Pennsylvania's ends, ends the season after having played a consistently good game straight through.

The coach of the All-America team would not have to hesitate long in picking his tackles. Lea and Newell have undoubtedly earned the right to be chosen. Newell has been one of the All-America tackles since 1890, and this year his work was particularly good. His work in the Springfield game against Yale was especially prominent, for he and Lewis were about the only points in the line where Yale did not pierce. His breaking through has long since made him famous. Physically speaking, he is a remarkably strong man, and as a member of an eleven where there was systematic common-sense team-play his services would be invaluable.

Lea's selection for the All-America team was forewarned two years ago. From his very first season it has always been evident that it was a mere question of time when he would become one of the first players of the country in his position. His playing this year against Yale was one of the cleverest that has ever been seen in New York. His breaking through and his blocking were of an order that no tackle has yet excelled. Even Newell did not surpass him on offensive play, and on defensive work I should say that Lea was a trifle better than the Harvard man. With two such tackles it would be an exceptional line that could hold them.

And it would take a line with a Heffelfinger at either guard to hold Wheeler and Hickok, the guards of the All-America team. Previous to this year Heffelfinger's work on the football field had never been equalled, but I think, after the season of '93, particularly after the Thanksgiving-day game, one is justified in placing Wheeler on the same plane. Heffelfinger's particularly strong point was in following the ball. So far as actual blocking and breaking through were concerned Riggs proved himself his equal in '91.

Wheeler has not only proved himself the equal of Heffelfinger in blocking and breaking through, but also in following the ball; and I think that he showed up even stronger than the old Yale guard in diagnosing his opponent's place. Wheeler's work in this respect in the Thanksgiving-day game was nothing short of remarkable. As a ground-gainer Wheeler showed himself Heffelfinger's equal, as well as in the general team-play. In fact, I cannot see where either man has the advantage over the other.

Hickok is well entitled to be Wheeler's partner in the All-America line. He is a very strong man, a very active one, and in breaking through and blocking and tackling he stands next to Wheeler.

There can be no two opinions as to the choice of centre for the All-America team. Lewis has proved himself to be not only the best centre of this year, but the best all-round centre that has ever put on a college jacket. He is not so strong a man, nor does he weigh so much as did Corbin, the famous Yale centre, but in tackling and getting into every play, and for his general work on the field, he would be a valuable man to an All-America team. Moreover, it should be considered that Lewis's brilliant work has been done against men who outweigh him from twenty to thirty pounds, and who are nearer his standard of skill in football than were the centres that faced Corbin near his. It is hard to pick out any particular feature of Lewis's play that is stronger than another; they are all strong. To watch him in a game is a sight of itself. He is all over the field, and seems to be in every play; gets down on kicks as fast as the ends, and is on to the runner time and again. I should also make Lewis the captain of the All-America team, both from his position in line, and from the fact that I have always considered him eminently fitted for such a position.

With Balliet, Taylor, and Holly, the captain of the All-America team would need have no fear of his line being weakened. Taylor during the last season has made marvellous improvement, and has shown a better all-round game than either of the Harvard guards. He stands next in order to Hickok; Holly has likewise greatly improved his game. I should prefer him to Murphy of Yale, from the fact that while he is equally skilful, he is much stronger and much quicker on his feet. Balliet would play full centre were Lewis disabled. He is a veteran at the game, and stands next to Lewis. In fact, the two are very close. Balliet showed the best game of his career against Yale this year on Thanksgiving day. So far as actual line-work goes, there is probably very little difference between him and Lewis, but the former is superior in his getting into every play and in his general work.

There remain two men of the season of whom I wish particularly to comment, and these are Adee, Yale's quarter-back, and Beale, the quarter-back of Harvard. It is the first season for both of them on the 'varsity team, and each has made a record for himself, Adee in particular. His cool, quick work against Princeton shows him to be peculiarly and eminently fitted for the position. He played such a game as has seldom been put up by a man in his first 'varsity year. His tackling was hard and sure.

Beale, who is a Freshman at Harvard, was badly handicapped at Springfield by a dazed captain who used confusing signals, but he redeemed himself at Cambridge against Pennsylvania. He has the making of a good man, and we shall undoubtedly hear of him next year.

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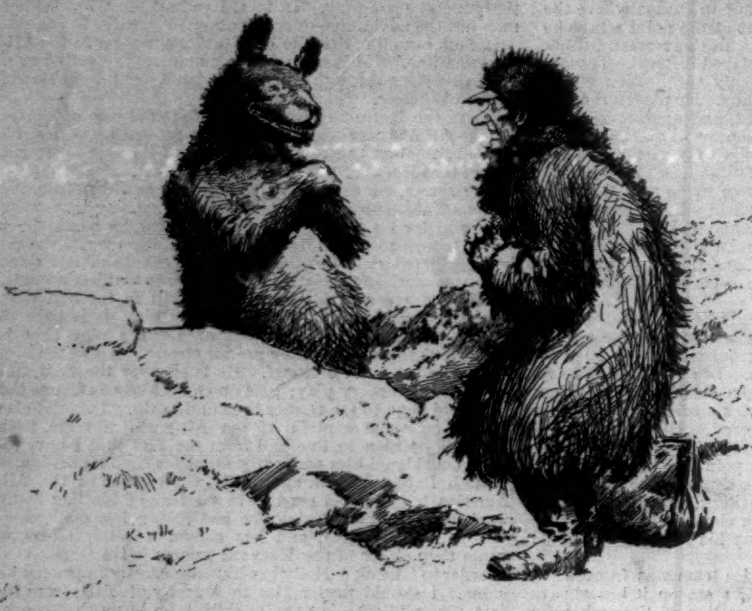

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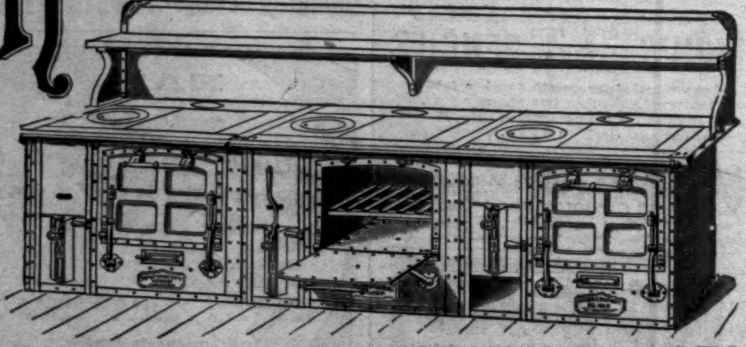

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